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ELLEN:

THE PRIDE OF BROADWAY.

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"ELLEN GRANT," "LOUISE MARTIN," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:

FREDERIC A. BRADY, PUBLISHER,

NO. 22 ANN STREET.



ELLEN, THE PRIDE OF BROADWAY.

CHAPTER I.

"Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you; but when you have our
roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness."

Several years have elapsed since I formed a resolution to write out the most important events, and give to the world some of the scenes in my life; but circumstances have prevented me from carrying out that resolution until the present time. And I would not now begin such a task if I were not fully convinced that the execution of it would benefit my own sex and shed some light on the paths in which they may travel while sojourning on this earth. The great poet of nature hath said, 'The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.' Be that as it may, I have lived out a large proportion of the time allotted me in this world, and must pack up and prepare to leave these earthly scenes ere many moons shall wax and wane.

"But of what use can the biography of a woman be to the world?" some one may ask, who is not so wise as he thinks himself to be.

Mothers have daughters whom they love as much as my own mother loved me; and fathers have sons whom they

love, and desire to see them walk in the paths of virtue, honor and industry. And how can these fond parents properly advise and instruct their children unless they know something of the dangers and temptations that beset their path, especially in city life, where poor, erring humanity assumes a thousand forms almost entirely unknown in the country?

I write for the benefit and information of country fathers and mothers, who are sometimes ambitious to send their sons and daughters to large cities, that their manners may be polished and their tastes refined. Manners polished and tastes refined! Oh, a faintness comes over my soul at the very thought! But I must not begin my history in the middle.

I was born in the city of Portland, county of Cumberland, and State of Maine, and have always been called by the name of Ellen Holmes. Soon after I came into this breathing world, my mother removed to a small wooden tenement on the banks of the Androscoggin river, some fifty miles from the city of my birth.

My mother did not marry until I was nearly three years old, and then she did not wed my father.

My birth was a circumstance over which I had no control, and for which no blame can attach to me, either by Divine or human laws. And yet the latter laws

regard me as the child of no one, and forbid my inheriting any property from my father, even supposing he died intestate and possessed of any.

Great learning and sound philanthropy may have enacted such a law; but if so I have never had intellectual acumen sufficient to see it. I have ever borne the name of my mother, and have never changed it for a more euphonic one through all the vicissitudes of my eventful life.

From earliest childhood I was a high spirited, if not a quick tempered person. My courage, too, was always equal to any occasion; but whether I am indebted for this quality of the mind or heart to my father or mother or to the peculiar times in which I was born, I will not stop to inquire or discuss. At the time of my birth and for more than a year previous, England and America were at war about sailor's rights and some other matters. I have often heard my mother say British seventy-fours could be seen proudly sailing back and forth on the ocean but a few miles from Portland. These vessels could be distinctly seen without the aid of glasses; and the people, of course, were alarmed lest their good city might be burned to ashes. Regiments of country militia came to defend the city, and give the British a drubbing in case they tried to land an army.

My mother's father was a high toned federalist, and opposed the war. The embargo came, then the war, and my grandfather's vessels 'rotted at the wharves,' to use a common phrase of that day. Mother was his only child, and grown into womanhood ere the war commenced. Grandfather lost all of his property, and died broken hearted, cursing Jefferson and his policy.

Some years previous his wife had died. And my mother was left alone in this cold world without money or any near relatives or friends.

But she was very beautiful and highly

accomplished. Alas! her beauty could not save her; and her accomplishments only hastened her fall by multiplying the temptations that surrounded her.

Hoping and believing she had found a friend in whom she could trust, she gave up her heart to him, and expected to form an union with him through life.

But, like many other men, he promised fair, and everything bore a pleasing and flattering aspect. Even though her fond parents were dead, yet her prospects in life seemed bright and encouraging.

He who had won her affections and promised so fairly, was rich, handsome and agreeable; but at heart he proved a villain, and at last forsook her.

Before he left he gave her a sum of money, and a small house with some land attached to the same, on the banks of the Androscoggin. To this spot she removed a few months after my birth. Here she lived in retirement, if not in contentment.

I shall never forget my childhood's home. It was a beautiful and romantic spot. The scenery about the place during the summer and autumn months was indeed beautiful. In early life I acquired a love for beautiful scenery. A stream ran through our land and near our house, and mingled its waters with those of the Androscoggin.

Our house stood but a short distance from the river, and on the opposite side stood a grove of pine trees, which the owner preserved with great care, foreseeing the day when such a grove would become valuable property.

But the wise owner died, leaving it to a son much less wise than his father. Not long after his death, the sounds of the lumberman's axe resounded in the grove, and those majestic trees, one after another, fell, and their noble trunks rolled on the banks upon the ice-bound river.

Young as I was then I can never forget my feelings to see that splendid grove of pines demolished, and floated off on the spring tides of the river forever from my sight.

Among these red shirted, robust and active lumbermen engaged in destroying this majestic pinery, there was one Jonathan Birchwood. He was a good looking man, full of fun, and very fond of the society of the fair sex. His age was about forty-five, but being corpulent and his face without a wrinkle, he looked a younger man. He was a widower, but had no children, his wife having been dead several years.

Of children he was very fond, and used to take me into the logging camps. I was much petted by him and others of the men. My hair was dark, and naturally curled into ringlets, that hung over my neck and shoulders, giving me a wild and romantic look, greatly pleasing Uncle Jonty, as he was often called by his more intimate friends and acquaintances.

Well do I remember how hard and rough his hands were as he smoothed back the hair from my forehead and patted my cheeks. His beard, too, was very stiff, for he would sometimes kiss me in spite of resistance. Rough as his hands were and tanned as his face was, I used to like him, and accompanied him whenever mother permitted me. And she seldom refused me the liberty.

Sabbath days lumbering operations ceased, and men and oxen had these days for rest. Every Sunday, stormy or pleasant, Uncle Jonty was sure to come over the river on the ice and visit us. The others would go hunting or fishing for the speckled trout through the ice.

Uncle Jonty sometimes went fishing, and on these occasions took me with him, if not too cold and unpleasant. I admired the sport, and loved to see the bright spotted trout flap about on the ice after they had been caught. He learned me the art so that I could catch them.

Mother was very fond of these delicate trout, and he never failed to bring her a string of them when he went after them. He not only passed the Sabbaths with us, but two or three evenings every week he

would be our house, dandling me on his knee, and talking and laughing with mother.

He was a cheerful man, and made himself very agreeable to us, especially in the long evenings. He usually staid until after I was in bed and asleep; for mother put me to bed early, whether Uncle Jonty was there or not.

Thus he continued his visits through the long winter; and the reader need not be surprised when he is told that Uncle Jonty not only fondled me but fell in love with my mother!

That was all natural enough. True, she was beautiful and much accomplished; but that is no reason why she could not reciprocate the love of such a man as Uncle Jonty was.

She saw in him a noble soul, an honest heart and a fast friend, who would not practice deception, but act out his own nature.

How different he was from my own father, whom I had not then seen, and whose name I did not even know.

True, Mr. Birchwood was not an accomplished gentleman, according to the general acceptance of that term; but then he was a true hearted man, possessed of fun and a fair share of good sense, judgment and honesty. In fact, he was one of nature's noblemen, and walked the earth with a firm step and manly countenance, as if he were not ashamed of his origin or employment.

Spring came, and the buds of the trees began to swell, the streams to run down the hill sides, our little brook to make its music, and the ice to float down the river. The birds, also, came out and sung in the branches of the sugar maples that stood back of our house. The grass, that had been covered all winter with deep snows, looked green, and all nature began to put on its most lovely garb.

Oh, how fresh are all these scenes! I can see them before me, and long for happy childhood again!

Having finished their winter's task, the lumbermen had departed, and all was still upon the other side. I regretted to have them go, especially Uncle Jonty.

I asked mother if he was not coming back. She smiled; and, if I had been a little older, perhaps I should have seen a blush on her cheeks.

She said he would be back ere long and I was glad, for I longed to see him. His conduct towards me had made me love him, and I longed to sit in his lap and look up into his noble face. And no; doubt mother desired to see him, too, hear his laugh and listen to his jokes.

Uncle Jonty was a noble hearted man, and I loved to be in his company. And I reckon mother did too. I judged so from what happened afterwards. But no matter. I must not go before my story; but make a record of events in the order in which they occurred.

A true history I sat down to write, and my purpose shall be honestly executed. I do not depend upon imagination for my facts, however much I may be indebted to memory for my wit, if any should be found in these pages.

CHAPTER II.

The Loveliness of Spring -- A Happy Marriage -- The Heroine Grows, &c.

I was saying that spring had burst upon us in all its beauty and loveliness. And if one wishes to see all this beauty and loveliness which a change of the season produces, the sight cannot be had in the city; but the country is the place for such scenes.

True, the poor of the city rejoice in feeling once again the warmth of the sun, and the rich feel as if the time is drawing near when they can go into the country beneath its pure air, and roam over the green pastures and fruitful hills.

The snow had departed before a hot sun and the volume of the Androscoggin was greatly swollen.

Some cakes of ice were yet floating on

its bosom which came from the upper lakes, and the trunks of the noble pines began to pass our house.

River drivers were seen on the banks in their red shirts, bearing poles on their shoulders, and wending their way up the stream.

Two persons could be seen on the opposite side of the river, rolling the logs into the river that still remained upon the bank.

But neither of these persons were Uncle Jonty. That I knew, as I sat one day on the bank noticing them as they rolled the big logs over the steep sides into the river. His manly, stalwart form was not there; and I remember how sad I was because I could not see him. And I noticed, too, that mother came where I was and looked across.

"Do you see Uncle Jonty?" I inquired, straining my eyes across the river.

"No, dear, he is not there," she replied. "His assistance is not needed, for the logs were principally placed upon the ice last winter, and floated off as the river broke up."

"But will he not come here again?" I asked, looking up.

"Perhaps he may in a week or two," she replied, as a pleasant smile passed over her beautiful countenance. "Do you want to see him?"

"Oh, yes—indeed I do!" was my reply. "I love Uncle Jonty, and want to go with him and catch the pretty trout. Don't you love him, mother?"

Now my question was a very innocent one; but had I been older I probably should not have asked it.

She made no direct reply; but said he appeared to be a very kind hearted man, and that we ought to respect all such men.

Soon after she went to the house, leaving me to gaze on the river drivers awhile longer. It excited my feelings to witness the big logs start and roll down into the river the current of which was quite rapid.

But there was one drawback upon my pleasure. The noble pine trees with their evergreen tops and waving limbs were all cut down, leaving heaps of ugly brush in their places. The scenery upon that side was changed, and to my eyes not for the better. The beautiful prospect had been destroyed, and the pine grove was no more! And the young man who inherited it will not live long enough to see it grow up again. Those trees were more than a hundred years old, and had braved the storms of a century.

After sitting awhile and seeing the logs pass down the river, I rose and went to the house.

The day was mild, and the sun's rays made our hens, the pig and cow look as if they were glad the cold winter had been passed.

Time passed, and our little farm was covered with a beautiful green carpet. The grass grew rapidly, and mother was busily engaged in her garden. She was very fond of flowers, and cultivated quite a variety of them.

One pleasant morning I was in the garden with her, trying to do something, but probably did more hurt than good. She had fixed a little bed in which I set out roots, and began to cultivate flowers. We were all life and animation. While thus busily engaged, I looked up, and perceived mother straining her eyes down the river. I stood tiptoe, and gazed, too, but could see nothing. I asked her if she saw any one coming.

"I see a man coming," she replied, in a voice slightly trembling. "I believe it is Uncle Jonty."

"Oh, I will run to meet him!" I said, hurrying through the garden gate and running to meet him.

I had not gone far before I espied Uncle Jonty, sure enough.

Soon I was in his arms, and felt his rough beard on my cheeks.

He hurried along, bearing me in his

arms, and soon reached the garden gate. Mother came to meet him; and, if my recollection is not at fault, her cheeks, too, felt his rough beard.

Be that as it may, Uncle Jonty went no farther up the river.

Glad, indeed, was I to see him, and still happier when he said he was going to help mother make the garden.

He did help her, or rather made it quite alone. He put up the fences, planted corn and potatoes, and made everything look nice.

The reader need not be told that, ere summer was hardly begun, my mother changed her relation in life, and became Mrs. Jonathan Birchwood. And a happier couple lived not on the banks of the Androscoggin.

In the autumn he purchased more land adjoining, and made preparations for farming on a larger scale.

Months rolled on and winter again visited us, but Uncle Jonty, or my father (for so I must call him), did not shoulder his axe and go into the logging swamps, for he had enough to do at home.

We were, indeed, a happy family. Father was one of the best natured men in the world, and conducted our farm well. In the spring new fences went up and the lands were cleared.

How I did love to stroll over the fields. Ah, my girlhood was indeed happy.

Mother had no more children, and I was the pet of both.

It was a long time before I ceased to call my father in law Uncle Jonty. That name pleased me best, and it appeared to please us all. But after a year or two I began to learn how to address father properly.

He treated me with as much kindness as if I had been his own daughter. He was near and dear to me, and yet I well knew he was not my father.

Season after season sped on, and I grew apace. My health was perfect, and my spirit buoyant. I was a happy girl. And

if father's words are to be credited, time added much to my personal beauty. My form was very symmetrical, my motions quick, but graceful, and my countenance lively.

Mother knew how to teach her child good manners, and most faithfully did she instruct me.

Years passed away, and I had seen twelve summers come and go. Our farm had much increased in value. An addition to the house had been made, and two barns erected.

I was now twelve years old, and my form was well developed for a girl of that age.

That I was the most beautiful girl on the banks of the Androscoggin every one would testify who had seen me. I heard many speak of my beauty; but I needed no such testimony to convince me of its truth. Mother's largest mirror was all the evidence I needed—that never failed to convince me my personal beauty grew with my years.

Yes, kind reader, I discovered my great beauty quite as soon as others.

My complexion was a sort of brunette, but not very dark; my eyes were a dark blue; hair very dark, fine and glossy; my forehead very smooth, but not over high; my nose delicately chiselled; my teeth regular, and of pearly whiteness; my mouth expressive of good humor; my shoulders gently sloping; my feet and hands small, and my form almost faultless. No wonder that the rough, whole hearted lumbermen called me beautiful!

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Some how or other they gave me the name of the Androscoggin Rose.

That pleased me well enough while I was under twelve years of age; but after that the name began to grow less pleasing to me.

My father in law was as proud of me as if I were his own daughter. Persons who called at our house tried to find out who my father was; but mother's lips

were always sealed upon that subject. She had never told me, nor breathed it to her husband. And he had too much delicacy and good sense to ask her.

We were prosperous and happy, having enough of this world's goods to make us not only comfortable but respectable. Father was very far from being a sordid, selfish person, being willing to buy any article of dress that mother wanted or thought I ought to have. A more generous husband never lived, and his noble deeds are still fresh in my recollection, and will ever remain so.

Often I dream of his manly form, noble countenance and generous heart. His image is impressed upon my heart, and I can never forget him.

I will not say that he is the only man I ever saw who did not practice deception of one kind or another; but I can safely say, no man was more free from faults than he was.

But the good and the brave are sometimes suddenly cut down, while those who could be better spared live on and seem to flourish!

I shall not attempt to scrutinise such a Providence. No doubt it is all right; but to our short sighted vision it may seem strange.

Being twelve years old, I began to feel as if I was fast approaching womanhood; and the flattering attention of the rough backwoodsmen did not please me so much as it had in years past.

True, I was not wholly insensible to their praises and good opinions, but began to sigh for more refined companions and more cultivated society.

I often dreamed of city life, of its excitements, its pleasures, its fashions and its gaieties; and yet I did not lose my respect and love for my good father in law.

The more I saw of him the better I liked him. But there was something in me that made me wish for higher life, for more excitement, for greater splendor than our humble position afforded.

One pleasant morning in September I walked out on the banks of the river and gazed upon the leaves of the trees whose colors had been changed by the frost of a few nights previous. The variegated hues were delightful, and I enjoyed the scene; but after all I sighed for other life and other scenes.

I sat down upon a pine stump near the river, and was looking upon land and water prospects, when father approached, and, patting me upon the shoulder, exclaimed:—

"Ellen, a penny for your thoughts."

I looked up at his smiling face and said, "Perhaps my thoughts are not worth the money you offer for them."

"Now tell me what you are dreaming about this fine morning!" he added, smiling upon me; "I suppose you were looking at the trees and noticing how Jack Frost has changed their color."

"I was looking at them," was my reply.

"Look at that grove of sappling pines yonder," he added; "it is now eight years since I bought the land, and the young pines have grown rapidly since that time. Some of them pines are big enough to make house frames. I intend to let them grow for your benefit. In twenty years they will be quite large trees, for the soil is good in which they are rooted. And see, the frost does not change their color. They are ever green through winter's storms and summer heats, while our beautiful maples are always stripped of their leaves in the autumn and pass the cold winter in nakedness."

"Yes, but they put on their green dress in the spring, and look lovely," I replied.

"True, they do; but I do love these noble pines," he added. "I told the young man when I was chopping down his pines a few years ago on the other bank of the river, that he had better let them stand, as his father had done before him, for they would be better than money at interest. But he must go to lumbering; and now he

wishes the trees back again. If he had not cut them down they now would be worth twice what he got for them. But he could not wait, and so he wasted his property. I speak of this to impress upon your mind the importance of being patient, especially when nature is working for us. Your mother and I must die one of these days, and after that event be not in a hurry to sell the pine grove we shall leave for you."

"Oh, I do not love to hear you talk of dying," I replied. "How could I live here without you and mother?"

"But where would you live?" he inquired, laughing. "Would you go down the river to more thickly settled towns, or perhaps to some city, where you might be ruined?"

"Oh, I do not know," I replied, feeling quite sad at the thoughts of death, and looking up into his pleasant face. "Are there more dangers in the city than here, father?"

"More deceit and wickedness!" he replied. "Here people work hard for a living, and that not only keeps them industrious, but also honest in a great degree. In cities there are many idlers, and the brain of an idler is the devil's workshop, as my good mother used to tell me."

"I have often heard mother speak of such things," I added.

"Yes, she lived in a city in her younger days," he said.

He said no more, but went into a field, leaving me alone.

Still I longed to see the city, and be made acquainted with all its mysteries and, I may add, its miseries. But, would to heaven, I had never seen that great and fascinating city—New York! But I must not get ahead of my life; but give them them in the order in which they occurred. The reader will find my life full of soul-exciting and thrilling events

CHAPTER III.

A New Character—A Touch of the Coquette—Stirring Scenes, &c.

Another winter approaches, and the Androscoggin is bridged with ice. No snow had yet fallen, and the ice was smooth as a mirror.

Years before my father in law had learned me to skate, a sport of which I was extravagantly fond. He was an excellent skater himself, and many times we have had trials of speed together. I generally beat him; but probably the victory might be owing more to his indulgent kindness and good nature than to any superior strength or skill.

However, I could excell him in graceful motions and quick turns upon the ice, for I had a ready command of my muscular powers, and made a very handsome figure as I gracefully moved over the smooth surface.

My cheeks, in the clear frosty air would show the red blood, and the curling ringlets of my dark, glossy hair would stream out behind, and make me look like a wild girl of the forests. On such occasions, no doubt, I looked very beautiful.

The sport of skating is an exceedingly health-giving exercise, and if young ladies of the present day would practice it, they would derive much benefit from the exercise.

Swimming, too, was a sport in which I indulged. I had always lived too near the river not to learn that art. I could swim quite as well as I could skate.

Father insisted that every person ought to learn how to swim, especially those who resided near rivers or lakes. So very thoroughly had I learned the art of swimming that I had no fears of the water. An old Indian made me a beautiful birch canoe, in which I used to have much wild sport. When I first began to paddle it, it would slide out from under me and plunge me into the river. But such a sudden bath did not discourage me, for I was at home in the water almost as much as a wild duck.

A little practice soon taught me how to

trim my little bark, and I could skim over the water with an Indian's skill.

Well do I remember the sport I had in my canoe.

One afternoon I came up to the house all dripping wet. The natural curls of my long hair were somewhat straightened out, and hung heavily over my neck and shoulders, and my dress clung to my form a little closer than was agreeable. Hoops at that time might have been of some service, and rendered my walking much more easy. But it was all the same to me. I was full of life and animation, and came into the house laughing and shaking my wet, tangled hair.

"Another ducking," said father, as I entered the room.

"Yes, I kill two birds with one stone," I replied, smiling; "I have had a good ride in my canoe and a good swim. When the canoe shot out from under me, it went half way across the river, and I had to swim out and push it back."

"Oh, Ellen, I fear you will be drowned yet!" said mother; "I wish that old Indian had never made you that canoe; it is a dangerous thing."

"It might be, mother, if I could not swim."

"I have known of good swimmers being drowned," she said; "and I appeal to your father if he has not heard of such things."

"I have," he replied; "but it was in a jam of logs, and the person was frightened or injured by blows. I think an otter is about as likely to be drowned as Ellen. She can swim like a fish. I have no fears of her so long as she can keep her head above water."

"Yes; but suppose she strikes her head against a rock when she pitches out of the canoe, and is stunned?" asked mother.

"I think no danger is to be feared from that," he said.

At that moment a young man knocked at the door, and I hurried away to my chamber to change my dress.

The name of the young man was Henry

Goff. He resided down river at Brunswick. He was the young lumberman who, a few years previous, cut down the grove of noble pines on the opposite bank of the river, they having been left him by his father. Other property he had inherited from his father, but he had spent it about all. The land where the pine grove stood still belonged to him, and he came up to sell it to father.

Henry was a handsome fellow, educated, and naturally smart and energetic; but his mind was not well balanced when he came into possession of his father estate; besides he was too much given to the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. The marks of that habit was telegraphed on his face.

At this time I was fourteen years of age, and my personal appearance was quite attractive. At least, I had the authority of several young men for believing so.

The young men had often told me that was the most beautiful rose on the banks of the Androscoggin. No doubt Henry had heard of my increasing charms. He saw me several times when I was a little girl, but then that was nearly ten years ago.

While changing my dress and putting my curls in shape, he was bantering with me to buy his land, offering it cheap, as he lacked funds.

He came into the room as they were conversing, and the young man fastened his eyes upon me in a fixed and intense gaze of admiration.

"Is it possible that this girl can be the curly headed Ellen I used to see?" he exclaimed.

"The same; but she has grown like a willow for the past four years," said father. "She will soon be as tall as her mother if she keeps on a year or two longer."

"That is if I am not drowned and be food for the fishes," I said.

My remark led to a description of my figure that afternoon; and the young

man was surprised at my temerity in venturing out in a canoe on the river.

"Why, you cannot swim, can you?" he inquired, looking upon me, and admiring my beaming countenance.

"Swim!" I repeated, smiling and returning his look; "I can scarcely remember the time when I could not swim."

"Young ladies seldom learn such arts," he added; "but I think well of it."

"So do I," I quickly replied; "I prefer swimming to dancing, for the latter accomplishment I know but little of. I think I could learn though."

"No doubt of that," he replied, smiling, still keeping his eyes upon me, being charmed by my fresh looks and sparkling, dark eyes.

As I before hinted, he was a splendid young person, and, for once in my life, I began to think I possessed power to charm even him.

It seemed to me it was a greater feat to charm him than to please the rough, red shirted lumbermen.

The truth is, I began to feel some personal beauty, and so conducted myself as best to please him. Knowing he lived in the city and among more accomplished society than I had been used to, I felt ambitious to appear as genteel as I could, and make him believe I was the handsomest rose that flourished on the banks of the Androscoggin.

Such vanity, pride and ambition then possessed my heart, and laid the foundation for some peculiar traits of character which developed themselves more fully in after life.

In my work of charming this young person I succeeded quite as well as I could desire.

True, I had no love for him, yet I felt a strong desire to please him, so that he might publish the fame of my beauty in the city.

Mother did not know the secret thoughts of my heart, and the young was equally ignorant of my motives. He spent some

days with us, and seemed in no hurry to go.

Father was not inclined to buy his land, for the river divided it from his farm; besides he said he had land enough.

Henry was exceedingly anxious to dispose of it, for he was quite short of funds, and tried to induce father to buy it; but his efforts were not crowned with success. After losing hopes of selling his land, he finally concluded that he should remove upon it, clear it up and make a farm.

Father smiled when he heard Henry make such a declaration.

"You smile," said Henry, first looking at father and then at me.

"Why should I not smile at the prospect of having such a good neighbor," was father's reply.

"But you think I should make a fair hand at farming," added Henry.

"You will find some hard work in clearing up such land," said father.

"The big pine stumps will outlive you unless you dig them. Many long years must elapse before they rot in the ground."

"I suppose so; but then I can work them out," added Henry.

"You can if you have help enough," said father. "To clear such lands requires strong arms and resolute hearts. Your heart may be resolute enough; but I fear your arms are not enough accustomed to labor to engage in such laborer's work."

"Oh, I could soon learn," added Henry, feeling as if he would like to live near me, and finally make a wife of me.

I have authority for making such a remark, for his conduct afterwards showed it too plainly to be questioned.

The next morning after the above conversation took place, he started for home, but not, however, before declaring his determination to come back again early in the autumn, build him a log house and commence the work of clearing up a farm.

After he took his leave, father had quite a laugh; for the idea of such a young

man's clearing up a farm among the pine stumps appeared to him quite absurd and preposterous.

I here confess that I was glad the handsome young fellow addressed a determination to come back again, but I kept that a secret in my own heart.

The reader must not suppose that I had fallen in love with him, for such was not the fact; but some how I thought I had made a conquest of him.

In looking back on those days I am induced to believe that even at the age of fourteen I was somewhat of a coquette. Be that as it may, I secretly rejoiced that he was coming back.

What strange fancies often occupied beautiful girls!

I believe mothers are not generally aware of what is passing in the hearts of their young daughters. They seem to have lost all remembrance of their own girlhood, or they would be more careful and cautious in the education of their daughters.

They do not begin soon enough to instruct them; at least, so it seems to me.

The summer months soon passed, and again the leaves of the trees began to assume their autumnal tints.

The season for crops had been a good one, and our farm produced an abundant harvest.

No girl was ever better pleased with roaming over the fields and pastures than I was. Yet there was something within that made me sigh for more fashionable life.

Occasionally I spoke of the young man to Henry; but my parents did not recommend him very highly, for they knew he was wanting in sound judgment, if he did not lack in moral principles.

My step-father was not a penurious man, no miser, no worshipper of gold; yet he believed it was the duty of every man to be industrious and obtain honest living in this world.

And this young man did not show

signs of industry, but rather a disposition to waste the inheritance he derived from his father.

For this reason my father did not speak in much praise of him. In truth he took special pains to point out to me the serious defects of the young man's character. But this he would not have done if he had not supposed that Henry was smitten with my present beauty, and gave out some evidence that he intended to make love to me.

Perhaps the caution of my parents was of service to me, so far as this young man was concerned; but my impression has always been that I would never have loved him, however much I might have appeared to enjoy his society.

Another summer passed away, and the autumn, with its ripe fruits and rich harvests came, and with it came Henry Goff and his hired man, who were bound to make an opening for the young would-be farmer.

A camp was soon erected, and work commenced on the new farm.

Henry was not very diligent in his labors, for he was often at our house and made quite long visits—longer than was consistent with his labors upon his land. He had, however, a stalwart hired man, who was industrious and faithful, clearing up the land and preparing it for the seed in the spring.

My cautious, prudent, far-seeing parents were constantly upon their watchtowers, observing all the young man's movements, so far at least as their daughter was concerned.

All their watchings are still vivid in my memory, and I can now see plainly enough why they kept their eyes so very close on me and the young man.

It was right and proper; and yet, perhaps, it was not essentially necessary in any case, but that they could not know. I confess to the fact that I was proud to believe that I had made quite a strong impression on the fellow's heart. And no

doubt he fondly imagined his feelings of attachment were reciprocated by me; but he was somewhat mistaken.

And my mother was quite as much at fault as he was. My father, too, was needlessly alarmed, for he was fully persuaded that Henry Goff was not a proper match for me.

But I must hurry on to other scenes in my eventful life, which the reader will find recorded in the next chapters.

CHAPTER IV.

Anxiety to Find Out a Secret—No Success—The Parting—No Tears Shed—Parents Rejoice, &c.

Gay and lively and full of animation as I was at this period of my girlhood, still there were hours when I was thoughtful and sedate.

These feelings would occasionally come over me when least expected; but the exuberance of my spirits would very soon drive them from my sensitive heart, as the bright rays disperses the sombre clouds and spreads his dazzling sheen over the landscape.

I was more animated and cheerful when rising out of this thoughtful mood, as the rays of the sun seems to be warmer for having been obscured by clouds.

I was old enough to know that I was born out of wedlock, and an illegitimate daughter. And I also felt at times that there was some disgrace attached to such a birth in the estimation of the world.

And these reflections upon my birth were sometimes a source of sadness and sorrow to me; and yet these periods of sadness were of short duration, but none the less pungent and sharp for being short.

It cannot surprise the reader that the older I grew the more anxious I was to ascertain who my father was, to learn his name, and to find out where he lived, if living he was.

I often catechised my mother upon the subject; but could never obtain any definite or satisfactory replies to my questions.

The older I grew the less I questioned her. And after I learned there was some shame connected with such a birth as mine, I ceased to ask her any more questions upon the subject.

This was a relief to her; and so far I was rejoiced; but my curiosity did not in the least abate.

The secret of my birth was locked up in my mother's bosom; and there, I suppose, it must forever remain undivulged. Sometimes I thought I had a right to that secret, and that my mother ought to reveal it to me.

And yet I loved her so much that I believed she could do no wrong, and that it was my duty to pretend and reflect upon the subject as little as possible.

Such a course I adopted, and made every effort to forget the nature of my birth; but after all I could not bury it in oblivion, and I never indulged the hope that at some future day I might be enlightened upon the subject, and perhaps see my father, who might acknowledge me as his own child. Such were my emotions; such my hopes and fears at that early age when human life is supposed to be most innocent and happy. And innocent and happy I was; for the world looked bright and beautiful to me. My spirits were such and flowed so freely that it seemed to me that no earthly thing could press them down. I loved my mother and my step-mother, and for the best of reasons, for they treated me with the utmost kindness and affection.

Young Goff and his hired man continued their labors in clearing up the land; but, as I have before intimated, the former spent more time at our house than was consistent with the progress of his farm labors. His visits increased in numbers, and were often longer than was agreeable to my parents; for they readily saw the cause of them. And I confess I was proud of the power I believed I exercised over him. A young girl is easily flattered. Although I strove to conceal from my

parents that peculiar pride which then swelled my heart; yet after all I did not succeed half so well as I imagined, for they could see farther in my heart than I supposed they could. And yet they did not fully comprehend me or understand all the motives that pressed my heart.

They imagined I was fast falling in love with the young man, but they were much mistaken. The truth is, I did feel as if I was in much danger of being fast bound in the silken cords of love; but I was pleased with the thought that he was very deeply interested in me, and in a fair way to become strongly attached to me.

One evening he remained at our house unusually late; so late that father retired in the hope that he might take the hint and go home. But he remained for some time after father had retired.

Mother became quite impatient to retire, and did all she could to make him take a hint without absolutely turning him out of doors.

During the evening I was very cheerful and gay, making myself as agreeable as possible, and even striving to make him believe that I was all but in love with him.

I was sorry for this after he took himself off, for I found such a demonstration of my part was very far from being agreeable to mother, as I soon learned after his departure.

"It appears to me, Ellen," said mother as soon as he had bid us good night, "that Henry takes no note of time. And I fear he does not labor very hard through the day, for if he did he would seek his rest at an earlier hour than this. Laboring men generally wish to retire early, for sleep is sweet to them."

"I think he did stay longer than usual," I replied, while mother took out of her pocket a gold watch which had been given to her before I was born, and looking at it.

"It is nearly eleven o'clock," she continued; "and it is time for laboring men

to be in bed. Did you not, Ellen, discover that I was impatient?"

"I did not particularly notice it," was my reply, gazing into her face and observing an unusual expression of anxiety in her countenance.

"You must then have been looking more at the young man than you were at me," she continued, fastening her dark and penetrating eyes upon me in a manner that told how deeply she felt. "You ought to be more thoughtful, Ellen, and watchful of my feelings. Did you not observe that I often took out my watch and looked at the time?"

"I saw it, but did not think what your motive was," I answered, now seeing very clearly what her object was, and regretting my want of attention.

"Ellen," she continued, in slow and measured words, "you are quite young—too young to think of receiving the attentions of any young man. A dozen years hence will be time enough for you to think of such things. The peace and happiness of many a girl have been destroyed by their forming too early attachments. Seldom have I spoken to you upon such subjects, because I have not deemed it necessary till the present moment. And I hope even now that it may not be absolutely necessary; and yet caution is a great virtue, and one which young girls ought to observe and practice. You very well know your father's opinion of Henry Goff, and his opinion is not to be slighted, for he is a close observer of character, and understands human nature much better than many who have more book knowledge than he has. His experience and observation have taught him lessons which cannot be learned from books; and you may be assured that he feels a very deep interest in your present and future welfare and happiness."

"Oh, mother, I know all that, and I love him for it," I quickly replied.

"I am, aware, Ellen, that you respect your stepfather, and therefore hope you

will always heed his advice and be properly influenced by his opinions," she continued. "He will always advise you for the best."

"Mother, I know very well what causes you trouble," I added, smiling, and looking fondly into her face. "You think that I am almost in love with Henry. Now there is not the least danger of that. He is much more likely to love me than I am to love him."

"And do you, Ellen, wish him to love you?" she anxiously inquired.

The question I did not immediately answer, and for the reason I did not know what answer to make.

Mother saw my embarrassment, but could not exactly divine the cause.

Now I did entertain a secret desire that he might love me; but not because I really loved him, or even expected to love him at some future day, when I might be old enough, in mother's opinion, to indulge such a feeling toward one of the rougher sex. I suppose it was my pride that engendered such a desire.

"You do not answer my question, Ellen," she continued, after a brief pause. "If there is no danger of your loving him, as you say, why need you hesitate to answer my question? Sure you cannot wish to win the affections of a young man which you do not expect to reciprocate! That would be coquetry, and nothing else. And let me here and now warn you against that folly."

"Is it folly, dear mother?" I asked, laughing, and appearing quite cheerful.

"Yes, worse than folly," she replied; "it is a sin and a shame; and the girl who practices it will sooner or later suffer for it, and be caught in her own snares. There is danger in such a course; depend upon it, Ellen." No young lady can be respectable or even safe herself who practices such deceit through pride or any other motive. I have known more than one coquette who has severely suffered for her folly. Let me advise you never to travel

in such a path, however pleasant and full of flowers it may appear to be; for the end is full of pride and dangers."

I promised to remember her words and to follow her advice.

After I retired to my neat little bedroom and crept into bed, I seriously reflected on all mother had told me. Her words sank deep into my heart, and yet my foolish pride would occasionally predominate over what she had said, and make me sigh for such conquests.

During this period of my girlhood I had formed a sort of ideal man, such as I thought I could really love, if ever he could be met with. And he differed essentially from Henry Goff.

Well do I remember of forming such an image; but could not well describe him. Such dreams will often trouble young girls; but let me here warn them to discard all such notions and drive all such follies from their hearts. No good ever did result from such dreams; and sometimes they are attended with evil consequences, spreading a blighting mildew over the heart, and producing a sort of sickly sentimentality which renders it unfit for the enjoyment of true love and affection in after years.

What can we reason but from what we know, has been well said. All my experience in life has taught me many valuable lessons; but these instructions always seemed to come too late for my good; and all I can now do to atone for the past is to let others have the benefits of my sad experience.

I have now lived nearly three score years, and have a fair prospect of living ten more years. I intend to devote the remainder of my days to doing all the good that is within my power. And for several years past I have been engaged in helping my sex out of their troubles; but not so publicly and openly as I might have done.

Until now I have been contented to work in a more unassuming way, and yet

I trust I have done some service in the cause of humanity.

But I must not in this stage of my narrative deal too much in generalities to the neglect of the more interesting and instructive incidents of my somewhat eventful life.

It was now late in autumn, and another winter was almost at our doors. The young farmer and his hired man was still engaged in felling trees and preparing for the work of the coming spring.

No snow had yet fallen, but the ground was frozen hard, and the river was one glare of ice, which shone like a mirror far up and down the stream.

To me there was always something very beautiful in the changes of the seasons, even when the change was from autumn to winter—a season that most people appear to dread in high northern latitudes. But for me winter as well other seasons had its charms, and my heart was full of joy at all times save when thoughtful moods would come over me, and pride and ambition would somewhat distrust my mind. But after all I was generally joyful and happy; for how could I be otherwise with such kind parents and pleasant surroundings?

The autumn was unusually pleasant, although the weather was cold. Father said we should have our pay for all this bright autumnal sunshine and clear, pure air. "Winter will come upon us like a lion," he said. And soon it did so come in the shape of a terrible northeast storm, that raged for three days, blocking up the roads with snow drifts, and rendering all communication with our neighbors almost impossible. Nearly three feet of snow had fallen, and young Goff and his man had hard work to reach our house after the storm. But they did so, and remained with us several days.

During these days I was not idle, improving every opportunity I had to wind the silken cords of love around the heart of the young farmer, and at times mak-

CHAPTER V.

The Effects of Intemperance—A Warning to Young Men—Ambition—Pride &c.

How rapid is the flight of time, especially to those who have numbered many years!

The more time we see the swifter it appears to leave us, and yet the end appears at a great distance.

Another spring came, and the joyous birds began to give us their sweet music.

The young farmer and his man also came, determined to burn off the brush and put in the seed.

Henry must have had a hard winter, for he had changed somewhat. But the change came upon him more from the use of alcoholic drinks than from an indulgence of unrequited love—at least, such was his appearance.

Father always knew he was given to strong drink, and the habit had evidently increased upon him during the past winter. His face was rather bloated, and his nervous system was apparently deranged. His deep potations, however, had not drowned out his love for me, for he appeared to be more under the influence of the tender passion than he was last fall. And I here confess that his presence was less agreeable to me than it was a few months previous.

Parental eyes discovered the fact; and I could see its happy effects on my natural protectors. Father always feared the young man would find a drunkard's grave; but did not imagine he was so near it as he was.

Some constitutions can bear more alcoholic liquors than others, and yet they poison, more or less, the sources of health and strength of all. A few young men, it is true, have been intemperate and lived to a good old age; but that only proves the power and strength of their constitutions, and furnishes no argument for the use of intoxicating drinks. Thousands find a drunkard's grave in early life, while but very few reach ripener years who in-

ing him believe I was deeply in love with him. But when I made such demonstrations I was careful that mother's eyes were not upon me.

It was strange that I indulged such a propensity, when I knew it was not right, and contrary to my mother's warning voice.

She closely watched me, and my stepfather's eyes were sharper than they appeared to be. He was very shrewd and cunning; and yet he would appear to be quite indifferent while he was the most observant and watchful.

I had good protectors and advisers, and the restraints they threw around me were salutary and not without their influence. And yet sometimes I would break away from them, and indulge my natural disposition of pride and ambition.

It was evident to me that the young man's heart was growing very tender, and yet I felt no love for him; at least, such was my impression. But such was not the impression of my parents, for they seriously feared that I was really becoming entangled in the net I was spreading over the young farmer.

A week had passed, and still Henry was with us; but his hired man had gone down the river, for no more work was to be done on the farm now that stern winter had fairly set in.

Father was anxious that the young man should depart, but he was too polite and good natured to actually shew him the door.

Mother contrived all sorts of plans to get rid of him. She was more frank than father, and occasionally gave the young man some very broad hints.

Finally he took his leave, much to the joy of my parents. And I can assure the reader of these pages that I shed no tears on the occasion; and for that mother was thankful.

After he was gone they found me quite cheerful and happy as usual. Such was my life at that time.

dulge the habit of drinking; therefore the only safety is on the rock of total abstinence. The moderate drinker may, and probably will, become a drunkard; but he whose feet are firmly planted on the rock of total abstinence can never go down to such a dishonorable grave as that of the inebriate.

Let the young men bear this in mind, and govern themselves while yet they have the power; for the use of the intoxicating cup bewilders, and leads its votaries in the path whose end is destruction.

One afternoon the young farmer was at our house. When he came in father and mother were in the garden making a flower bed, for she was very fond of the cultivation of flowers. He had evidently been drinking quite freely, for he was unusually silly and talkative, full of smiles, and boasting of the great labor he had performed that day.

I instinctively shrank from his presence, but he was more bold than usual, and approached me in an unpleasant and disagreeable manner. Seizing my hand he bent forward in an attempt to kiss me.

Instantly withdrawing my hand from his grasp, I gave him a push that sent him prostrate upon the floor. He fell hard, and bruised one of his cheeks so much that the blood ran down upon his shirt collar. He did not rise at once, but remained partially up, resting on one of his elbows.

"Why, dear Ellen," he said, in a kind of broken voice, "how could you use me so?"

"Then keep away from me," I replied; "your breath is very offensive."

At that instant mother entered the room, and saw the young inebriate in his reclining position. She was much surprised, especially when she noticed his bloody shirt collar and the strange expression of his face.

On her entering the room he at once arose, and as he did so he happened to see his face in the glass that hung near where he stood. The blood appeared to frighten him, and he stood and trembled. For a

short time mother was agitated; but when I told her he fell down, she at once saw the cause of the bleeding which he had inflicted on his face. He was silent, and not disposed to give utterance to his feelings, for the blow upon his heart was quite as severe as that upon his cheek.

Mother stood gazing, first upon one and then upon the other, as if she would read the hearts of both. At last she spoke:

"How is this?" she inquired, appearing to address her question to both of us.

"Nothing very startling," I replied. He attempted to be saucy. I pushed him, and he fell down—that's all."

"Henry, I am sorry to see you in such a plight," she said.

"Perhaps, mother, bleeding will do him good," I added, smiling, while he stood looking as solemn as a gravestone.

It was a hard task for mother to conceal a smile she felt rising from her heart to her lips. She was glad to know that her daughter had the will as well as the power to resent insults, come from what quarter they might.

After a short time had elapsed the young farmer left the house. He met father coming in, but he looked so very sorrowful and sad that father did not speak to him, and let him pass in silence. I informed him of all that had happened. A hearty laugh shook his sides. He could laugh the best of any man I ever heard. His was a sympathetic laugh—deep, loud, long and full of feeling. No one could hear him and not join with him; it was absolutely catching.

"After all," said father, having finished his laughing, "I pity the poor chap. He will soon run out all the property his father left him; and, what is still worse, liquor has pretty well used up his constitution and broken him down. If he lives, he will be an old man before he sees even thirty winters."

Father praised me for thus resenting his insults, and gave me on the occasion some excellent advice. Would to heaven

I had always given heed to it! If I had this narrative would never have been written.

Several days passed, and the young farmer did not visit us. But we heard of him occasionally. He drank more freely than ever before, for he had a full supply of liquor in his camp.

One morning his hired man came to our house in a great hurry, informing father that Henry was in a terrible state of mind, and desiring father to go and see the young drunkard.

While father was preparing to go I stood at the door, and saw Henry himself coming with great speed, and looking as wild as a savage.

Soon I gave the alarm, and ran into the house, for I was frightened.

Delirium tremens!" said father, as the young man approached, his eyes glaring and froth hanging about his lips.

"Take him off!" exclaimed Henry, in wild and terrible accents. "Take him off, and save me!"

"Take what off?" asked father.

"This great snake!" replied Henry, motioning his hands as if he were trying to unwind a snake from his body. Don't you see him! There! His eyes are balls of fire, and his sting is darting from his mouth! Oh, God! He presses so I can hardly breathe. Cut him apart and relieve me from his deadly fangs! See! how he winds about me! Take him off!"

The poor inebriate was now nearly exhausted, and fell upon the ground, where he turned and twisted his body into all sorts of forms. A horrid expression was upon his face. His eyes were bloodshot, his lips swollen and livid. The froth was running over his chin, and every muscle in his body trembled as if he would shake into a thousand pieces.

"I think he will die," said father.

"I have seen him so before, but not quite so bad," added the hired man.

At last he sprang from the ground, screamed, looked wildly about, and tried

to run, but nature was too much exhausted, and again he fell upon the earth, writhing and turning in the greatest agony.

"Ah, it is a terrible disease!" exclaimed father. "It seems to me no person would dare to swallow such poison when he sees it produce such effects as we here witness."

I stood in the doorway and saw the death struggle of this young man, and never can I forget the scene. It is yet vivid in my memory, although many years have passed since it occurred.

The young man never recovered, but died that day in the greatest agony mortal ever suffered.

I spread these facts upon the record, that young men may learn from them the lesson of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

This young man was the first lover I ever had, if lover he could be called.

After his death I had some misgivings in relation to my conduct towards him; but these soon wore away, and I began to seek for other adventures.

True, my sphere was very limited, but then there are no bounds to the imagination, and mine was constantly on the wing.

I was the pet of all the river drivers and the red shirted lumbermen. As they passed up and down the river, they invariably called to see the Rose of the Androscoggin, as they called me.

They were rough in their manners, but their hearts were noble. Their weather beaten faces and their stalwart forms I shall always remember; but their attentions and flatteries never did me any good, however pleasing they might have been to my ambitious girlhood. They taught me to think too much of myself and to prize my beauty too high. Girls do not need such lessons, for such instruction is too easily learned by them at all times and under any circumstances.

Another summer passed, and another

winter came, but they made no material changes in our domestic relations. We lived happily; and next summer would be my sixteenth. What an interesting age!

That summer came; and sixteen years had passed over me since my birth. I began to throw off my girlish actions, and to assume the manners of a lady.

My beauty had thus far in life increased with my years. On my birthday I overheard father say to mother that I was the handsomest girl he ever saw. Mother's reply was that if I only behaved as well as looked she would be satisfied. I listened, but heard no more about myself on that occasion. Mother's taste in matters of dress was very fine, and she took great pride in preparing me an excellent wardrobe. True, it was not an extravagant one, but quite as good as I deserved on her pecuniary means warranted.

Soon after I had celebrated my sixteenth birthday, father was called to go down river and see a man who had been suddenly taken ill with a fever. He was a particular friend of our family. The fever ran high, and father remained with the patient several days until the danger was over, when he came home. Soon we heard of another man who was taken down with the same disease, and shortly afterwards father began to complain of feeling unwell.

Mother was alarmed, and not without cause, for fear had already begun its work. Father was a strong man, but the disease proved too powerful for his stalwart frame. He died in less than a week, and sadness and sorrow were our companions. No medical skill or good nursing could save him. It was a sad death for me, for I loved him as much I could if he had been my own father. He was a noble hearted man, and his sudden exit from this world has ever been fresh in my mind.

His death was a sore affliction to mother. I now urged her to sell the farm,

and remove to some city where we could see more of the world; but she had no wish to leave the spot which was so dear to her. I sighed for more fashionable life, and began to be dissatisfied with a lonely life on the bank of a river however romantic the location might be. Scenery, out door sports and romping over fields and pastures had somewhat lost their charms for me. I wanted to mingle more in society, where I could exhibit my great beauty to better advantage and wound the hearts of men.

I had such dreams occasionally in spite of all the good lessons my parents had taught me upon the subject, and in spite, too, of my own good sense and judgment.

There were several young men scattered up and down the river who were honest, industrious and well behaved. The fair reader will not be surprised to learn that these young men occasionally called at our house. I treated them kindly, and once in a while endeavored to make them believe they were quite pleasing to me; but my ambitious thoughts were far away from them.

I did wrong, and knew it; and yet it was so pleasant to me to flatter them occasionally that I could not well resist the temptation.

Mother often warned me against the use of my power over the hearts of young men, unless my intentions were honest and sincere.

She said there was no objection to my marrying a good hearted, industrious farmer. In fact, she rather favored such a connection; but it was far away from me. My notions of life were far above settling down on a farm, milking cows, making butter and doing such work. No; my heart longed for a life in the city; and yet I knew scarcely anything of such life. But I dreamed of it in my waking and sleeping hours.

Constantly did I importune mother to sell her farm and leave the banks of the beautiful Androscoggin; but in vain. She

had no such wish, and my efforts in that direction proved abortive. She would not remove from the grave of her husband, which was on the farm in a grove of maple trees in the branches of which I once loved to hear the birds tune their songs.

CHAPTER VI.

An Indian Summer—A Visit to a Graveyard—A Stranger Appears.

It was autumn—an Indian summer—and the weather was delightful. The trees were painted with a skill that no human artist could reach. Never did the forest look more beautiful and enchanting. A soft haze rested upon the hills, and the air was still and pure. All nature seemed at rest.

It was a bright and beautiful morning and I walked out and visited the grave of my stepfather.

Mother had set out some flowers on the small mound of earth that covered the remains of an honest man and a kind husband. These flowers were covered at night so that the frost could not wither them, and they were now fresh and beautiful as in the summer months. The season had been dry, but their roots were watered by a mother's hands, and many a tear had moistened the leaves. The birds were hopping about among the branches of the maples that hung over the grave; but their time of singing had passed. In the spring and summer months they had sung their songs, built their nests and brought up their young, and now they were busy in feeding upon the good things a kind Providence had furnished for them. Soon winter would come and drive them to a warmer climate. And how industriously they improved their time.

I sat upon a small stool which mother had placed near the grave, and there I reflected upon many things, but especially did I call to memory the frequent lessons the good man had taught me. It seemed to me that I could almost hear his deep-

toned voice, and see the smile which once played about his lips. I asked myself the question what I should do if mother too should be called away to the spirit land, and I be left alone in the world. O how I then longed to know who my own father was, and whether he was living or not. That question I dared not ask of my mother, and yet it seemed to me sometimes that she was anxious for me to know. Not a word had passed between us on the subject for some years; but notwithstanding that silence I yet hoped and believed that she would some day reveal to me the secret.

No doubt she was aware of my anxiety to know that secret, but was not inclined to converse upon the subject. While I was thus communing with my own thoughts, I heard the sound of footsteps. At first I thought mother was coming to the grave; but on looking up I discovered a fine looking, portly gentleman, with a fishing rod in his hand and a small basket at his side, fastened by straps over his shoulders. He came directly towards me, and, with a smile and pleasant voice, said,

"Good morning my dear, and a pleasant one it is."

"The weather, sir, is exceedingly fine," I replied, rising up, and gazing upon his handsome florid face.

"A grave here, I notice," he continued. "Some one buried here, near and dear to you, I presume."

"Yes, sir; he who lies under that bed of flowers was my stepfather, and a kind, good father to me he was," I answered.

"It is a beautiful spot among these maples," he added, gravely. "A fine prospect, too, down the valley of the river. I think the Androscoggin is a very beautiful river, and the scenery upon its banks quite romantic and picturesque."

"The scenery is beautiful," was my brief reply.

"Your mother is living, I hope," he continued.

"She is, sir" I answered.

"I must see the woman who has borne such a daughter," he added, smiling, and gazing intently into my deep, dark eyes as if he would read my very thoughts.

"She is in the house, sir, I replied, beginning to feel pleased with his fine person and easy manners.

And let me here say that I thought he was pleased with my personal appearance. At any rate, he acted as if he was, and I laid that flattering unction to my soul. I asked him to walk down to the house, and he very cheerfully accompanied me. Mother was standing at the front door, and was quite surprised to see me thus accompanied. He very politely introduced himself, and was quite easy and agreeable.

"I conclude you are fond of angling," said mother.

"Extremely fond of it," he replied, or I should not have come all the way from New York city to Maine.

The name of New York city had a charm for me. I had heard of it, and also of Boston; and I was very anxious to visit those cities.

"Then you reside in New York," said mother.

"That is my place of residence," he replied; "but I love to visit the country occasionally, and enjoy the sports of hunting and fishing. I am now on my way to the lakes whence your beautiful river here takes its rise."

"Quite a journey from your city," she replied.

"True, but then I am paid for all that in the enjoyment of the wild sports," he added. "These excursions give me health as well as pleasure."

"I presume so, she answered. "My daughter has killed many beautiful trout in our river; but they are more scarce than they were a few years ago."

The red blood came to my face; for it seemed to me that he would consider it rather vulgar for a lady to fish for

trout. But he soon relieved me from that embarrassment.

"Your daughter kill trout," he said quickly; "how delighted the ladies of New York would be if they could enjoy such sport. Some of them do go into the country for that purpose. If I had a wife I should be highly gratified to have her accompany me on these excursions."

"Then you have no family," said my mother, smiling and gazing upon his manly form and pleasant countenance.

"Not yet," he replied, laughing. "But I keep hoping for such relations in life. I am not too old to indulge such a hope, am I, madam?"

"O, no," she replied. "It is a privilege we all have without regard to age. All hope, and it is that which keeps the heart whole."

"True, very true, madame," he added, laughing very heartily, and gazing upon me. "How old should you judge me to be?"

"In the neighborhood of forty," mother replied.

"I shouldn't think the gentleman was so old as that," I quickly added, smiling and looking upon his round fair face.

"Never mind," he answered. "Neither of you are far out of the way. I do not feel the infirmities of age. It seems to me that I as young as I was ten years ago. Good air, exercise, enough to eat and a clear conscience will keep off old age a long while. One seldom dies prematurely unless he violates some physical law; and most people do violate such laws, and the penalty must always be paid sooner or later."

"Very true," said mother; "and yet some die early who observe those laws you speak of. My husband had a good constitution, and all his habits were good, but death did not spare him. He was but forty years old when he died. A fever, which prevailed here a few months ago, carried him from us."

"I am aware that such cares do occur sometimes," he added. "But they are exceptional cases, while the rule holds good."

"No doubt of that," she said. "The best cannot live always. How long do you expect to be in the woods?"

"Some two or three weeks," he answered.

"I hope you will call on your return, and let us know how many big trout you have killed," I added.

"I will do so with pleasure," he said, smiling. "As you are such a good angler I should like to test your skill in the sport."

"I should have no objections if there was a good opportunity," I answered.

"Perhaps on my return, if it is not too late in the season, we may find some stream not far off, where we can try our skill."

I spoke of several brooks and some ponds in the neighborhood in which there were trout. He was highly gratified with the information, and promised to try them on his return. As he had promised to meet a man at a certain place up the river, he could not tarry longer with us, and took his leave; but not, however, before he made me a present of a beautiful gold ring which he placed upon my finger. His hands were more smooth and delicate than those of our river drivers and farmers. But let that pass. I was much pleased with him, and mother believed he was a very wealthy as well as a polite and accomplished gentleman. The truth is, he made a very favorable impression upon us, and I confess that I was glad he had promised to call on his return. I marked the day of the month in the almanac when he left us, so that I might the better know when the two or three weeks had elapsed. It was about the first record I ever made in my life. And such a record! I can never forget it; for from that date I seemed to

have commenced a sort of new life. But the reader must not infer from the above remark that I had fallen in love with this New York gentleman at first sight, for such was not the fact.

His manners were more easy, and his address more polite than those I had been accustomed to witness in my intercourse with the rougher sex thus far in life. Evidently he had mingled much with polished society, and knew how to deport himself under any circumstances. That I was better pleased with him than any other man that I ever seen there can be no doubt. Perhaps I ought to make one exception—my stepfather for whose memory I had the utmost respect.

"Well mother," I said after he had passed from my sight in a turn of the road that led up the river, "who do you think of Colonel Beaufort?" That was the name he gave us; and I thought it a musical one, of course.

"He appears to be very much of a gentleman," she replied. "But Ellen, we must not be carried away by outside appearances. Men born and bred in our cities and accustomed to refined society, may appear well and please us by their manners and address, but after all their hearts may be corrupt."

"But are not men as virtuous in the city as in the country?" I asked.

"There are, no doubt, many good men in the city," she answered; "but young men can learn vice more early in the city than in the country, for there are more temptations in the former place, and virtue is more severely tried. No doubt Colonel Beaufort is rich, and it may be he did not acquire his wealth but inherited. Therefore he may have led a life of ease and luxury. Such men are more apt to yield to temptation than those who are obliged to get their own living by industry and hard labor. Yes, Ellen, there is more danger in selecting a husband from the

city than from the country, and for the many reasons that must have suggested themselves to you."

"I'm not, mother, disposed to question the truth of what you have said," I answered. "But I should love to visit the city."

"Well, Ellen, perhaps you may do so at some future day," she added. "It is probable that I may visit Boston or New York next season, and of course I should take you with me."

I rejoiced to hear that; for she never said so much before. And the thought struck me that she might go and see if she could not find my own father, if he was yet living. How I longed to ask her if she knew where he was; but dared not do so at that time. How often I asked myself the question why she did not give me some information about him—his name, place of residence, or something in relation to him. But for years she had not spoken one word upon the subject. And she must have known that it would be natural for me to feel some anxiety about it. No doubt she did know my anxiety, but did not like to think of it, much less talk of it, and to me, her first born and only child, in particular. But I did not despair, believing that some future day would reveal to me the secret, and hoping that day was not very far distant. Mother had told me that her parents were dead, and that she was the only one left of the family. I also learned from her that her parents were once wealthy, but had lost all their property. They did not, however, lose with their money their honor and respectability in the world. So much I knew of their history.

Mother owned a beautiful gold watch, of which she was exceedingly careful, seldom permitting me to handle or to wear it at any time. Once, however, I had it in my possession, and on opening it I dis-

covered engraved upon the inside of the case the following name: Charles Morton!

A hundred times I have been on the very point of asking mother whom that name represented; but I had not the moral courage to ask that question, especially since I had grown up. Had I seen the name when I was a little girl, I should have asked who it meant; but I did not have that privilege, for I was thirteen years old before I saw it.

The name I constantly kept in memory; for I suspected my father gave her that watch with his name engraved upon it. But it was all mere suspicion.

The more I thought of it the stronger were my suspicions. And mother's extreme care of the watch, and her keeping it from me at all times and on all occasions; her indisposition to speak of it to me or to any one else; the expression of her countenance many times when she looked at it to see the time; all these things strengthened my suspicions, which now amounted to a belief that my father's name was Charles Morton.

How strangely the mind is operated upon by trifling circumstances, especially when once suspicion is aroused.

I found out that mother was a woman who could keep her own secrets, and no ingenuity of mine could induce her to reveal them.

CHAPTER VII.

Dangers of Beauty. The Watch. The Secret Revealed. Lessons for the Unmarried, &c.

Colonel Beaufort's name had become quite familiar in our house, for he was the subject of frequent conversation in our little domestic circle.

I took down the almanac which hung over the fireplace and found, on comparing dates, that he had been absent quite two weeks, and now we expected him to arrive every day.

I was strongly impressed with the belief that he would not fail to call upon us

on his return from his angling excursion to the lakes.

Whenever I alluded to him in conversation with mother, she invariably read me a lesson on the great dangers and the temptations of city life; how artful men were who lived in large cities; how many girls were ruined by them; how many bad women there were in such places whose sole business was to make money out of the innocent and unsuspecting of their own sex; how they watched for opportunities to lead girls astray from the paths of virtue and peace, and how many arts they practiced to accomplish their hellish purposes.

To these lessons I listened; but their full import I did not then comprehend as I do now.

The truth is, the more she talked to me of city life and its temptations, the more anxious I was to see for myself; for I felt a strong confidence in my own powers to avoid the bad and choose the good which were to be found in such a life.

How short sighted are the young! And yet how wise in their own conceit! I can now see and feel the full force of all the moral lectures my good mother gave me on such occasions.

She knew very well how many dangers my personal beauty might lead me to encounter even in the country; and yet I did not dream of these dangers.

It seemed to me that I should have a pleasant sea to sail over; and what of personal charms I possessed I intended to turn to good account and make the very most of it.

I do not know that I had more vanity than other girls whose personal beauty was as great as mine; but I had enough of it, and if I had possessed less of it no doubt it could have been much better for me.

Such are some of the traits of my character at the age of sixteen. But I must hasten to other events.

One afternoon, about a fortnight after

Colonel Beaufort left our house, mother complained of a serious headache, a disease which seldom afflicted her. The attack was sudden and severe, so much so that she was somewhat alarmed lest she might be taken down with the same fever that had prevailed that season in the neighborhood.

Before this attack she had occasionally told me that she did not think she should survive her husband very long. She appeared to be impressed with the belief that her death was not far distant. She was not superstitious, and never indulged gloomy thoughts; but recently she believed she was not long for this world. No reason could she give for such a belief, and yet she felt as if her sands of life had almost run out. But I did not participate in her fears; at least, not until the attack of headache.

"Ellen, you know that ever since Mr. Birchwood's death I have felt a presentiment that I should follow him ere many months should elapse," she said, as I was engaged in bathing her head and rubbing her throbbing temples.

"True, dear mother, I have often heard you express such a feeling; but I do not think you will die very soon," I replied. "It is only an idea you have indulged and brooded over since father's death. Because he died it does not follow that you must. I am sure you never have indulged such superstitions, and why should you now?"

"I can give you no reason," she added. "Such impressions have been upon my mind ever since your father's death, and time has only deepened them. And now they are stronger than ever. But, Ellen, I am not afraid to die; and yet I desire to live for your sake. You have never needed a mother's care more than you now do. At your age girls need not only counsel and advice, but also protection. If I should die you would be left alone in the world with no one to care for you."

"Oh, mother, I hope you will live many

years yet, and see me well settled in life ere you die."

"I wish I might; but I fear, seriously fear that you will be compelled to fight the battles of life without my counsel and protection. Bear always in mind the lessons I have recently taught you. I fear you will soon be left alone to buffet the world."

"Is there no one living but you who would care for me?" I asked, in a trembling voice, anxiously wishing she would speak of my father, but not daring to speak of him myself.

She intently gazed upon me for a moment, and then covered her eyes with her hand. A severe struggle was in her heart. At least it seemed so to me; for her breathing was shorter than usual, and her voice trembled.

"Does your headache increase?" I inquired.

"I hardly know; I think it is no better; the pain is quite severe; you may leave me for a short time, and perhaps I may sleep a little."

I did leave her for a short time; and oh, with what emotions! Never before had my heart been so pressed with such feelings. It seemed to me that it would burst, so violently did it beat. A few moments previous I indulged the hope that she was about to speak to me of my father; but instead of that she requested me to leave her alone! But I did not despair; for it was not in my nature to indulge such a feeling under any circumstances. True, I was impatient; and yet I believed she would one day reveal to me that secret, and perhaps ere many hours should pass away.

I went to the door and gazed upon the river which had recently been swollen by the autumnal rains. There was some floating ice on the waters, and occasionally some lumber would be borne along upon its current, reminding me of poor Henry Goff and his terrible death; for he often boasted that he intended to be-

come rich in lumbering operations; but my stepfather always laughed at his wild notions.

I stood some time looking upon the river as it flowed along past the house, and reflecting upon past events. At last another called me, and I hastened to her bedside.

"Do you feel worse?" I anxiously inquired, smoothing back her hair from her forehead and rubbing her temples.

"I feel no better, and fear that this pain in my head is but a premonitory symptom of that fever which has proved so fatal this season on the banks of our river."

"I think you will feel better if you can only get some sleep," I said.

"Perhaps I might if I could sleep; but I cannot now," she added in a tremulous voice, that told how deep were the emotions of her soul.

"I hope you will sleep to-night," I said.

"I hope so too," she added, taking my hand and gazing upon me with such a look as a mother only can give. "Ellen," she continued, after a brief pause, "you asked me if you had no other friend but me who would care for you?"

"I did, dear mother," I quickly replied. "And is there no one but you? Shall, indeed, be left alone in the world who you are taken from me?"

"Dear Ellen, often have I thought of revealing a secret to you; but it is a subject I dislike to speak of. I feel now as if it was duty to inform you of something that will interest you and may be of service to you hereafter."

"I think I know in part what you would say," I added. "Speak, dear mother, and tell me all."

She now took her watch from under the pillow upon which her head rested, and opened the outside case, on which a man's name was engraved.

"There, Ellen, that name your father's," she said, pointing her trembling finger at the name, Charles Morton. This watch he gave me, and now give it to

you, for I feel a strong presentiment that I shall not long need it. Take it and keep it for my sake, and perhaps at some future period you may meet him who once owned it."

Giving me the watch, she turned her face from me, and appeared to be much exhausted. Her breathing was hard, and her heart beat violently. I had no disposition to disturb her with more questions at that moment. The watch was a gift precious to me. I held it in my hand and gazed upon it with emotions I have not the power to describe. How I longed her to say if my father was living, and if she knew where he resided; but I dared not put such questions to her at that moment when her heart appeared to be agitated by strange emotions.

All was silent; and no sounds were heard in the room save mother's breathing and the ticking of the watch as it lay in the palm of my hand.

I sat down beside the bed and waited for her to speak. I sat some time before she turned her face towards me. At last she did so turn her face, and her cheeks were wet with tears.

My heart began to beat violently, and tears stood in my eyes. Never before did such emotions agitate my bosom. I could have died in my chair that moment if my death could have lifted the burden that bore so heavily on her heart.

At last she spoke, but with a voice low and full of trembling. Although my eyes were filled with tears, yet my ears were open to catch every sound of her voice.

"Ellen, you know now your father's name, and would to Heaven he could see you and give you a father's protection; but, alas! I fear that can never be!"

"Then he is living?" I quickly added.

"God only knows!" she replied. "I have not seen him since you were a year old."

"He saw me then, did he?" I anxiously inquired.

"A few times," she replied. "He said

you were a beautiful child. Well do I remember that."

"Why did he not live with you and take care of you?" I asked.

She made no reply, but again turned her face from me. She was so much agitated that I was sorry I asked such a question.

Again there was silence. And how oppressive was that silence to me, and no doubt it was to her.

After a long pause she again gazed upon me and spoke.

"Ellen, I will tell you all!" she said, in broken accents. "Yes, I will tell you all, for it may learn you a lesson. Your father deceived me, promising to marry me when he had a wife living!"

"Oh, Heavens!" I exclaimed. "Could he be so heartless and wicked!" Have such men souls!"

"Ah, Ellen, you know but little of the world yet," she said. "Men have such souls, and some women have none better. Our own sex is often in fault, and yet I would not judge them too hard. I loved, sincerely loved your father, and I believe he loved me. And perhaps he did; but he ought not to have loved me; and I ought to have been more prudent and cautious ere I gave him my heart. Men sometimes have wives whom they do not love, and such men are dangerous characters. I hope and trust you will be more prudent and cautious than your mother was when she was a girl."

"I will take care," dear mother, that I am not deceived," I added, feeling much confidence in my own powers, and flattering myself that I would resist all temptations.

"I hope you will, Ellen; but it requires not only power but shrewdness and skill to avoid all the snares men may set for you."

"Dear mother, I shall never forget the lessons you have taught me," I added; "and especially shall I remember what you have just said. It has sank deep into my heart, and will never be forgotten

while I have a being here on earth. Ah, mother, I fear it would be dangerous for a man to make love to me while he had a wife living."

"I do not counsel violence," she quickly added. "Vengeance does not belong to us but to Him who hath said, He will repay it."

"Perhaps I was too hasty, but my feelings were such at the moment that I could not well help it," I said.

"I can well excuse you, Ellen. I loved your father so deeply that I ever tried to find excuses for him. Yes, Ellen, I did find excuses for his conduct, and in so doing I discovered that I was not wholly free from fault myself. He would have gone far away from his wife and lived with me; but I could hear no suggestions of that kind from him. No, no, Ellen, I could never consent to that. He had a wife, a legal wife who loved him, and I would not be instrumental in doing her a great wrong and of making her unhappy; and I told him so. Had I earlier known he had a wife much trouble for both of us, would have been saved. When I ascertained he was as married man I did all I could to atone for the wrong I had done. I told him we must part forever; and we did so separate. True, in the end I gave me none of some other things, which I accepted at you and I might have a home. And death was his duty thus to contribute to support. Ah, those days have passed; and I thank Heaven I am not obliged to live them over again! I can clearly see how much I was in fault. Yes, Ellen, I committed wrongs for which I trust I have sincerely repented. May you take warning, and so conduct yourself in the future that you will not have such sins to repent of. Such is my prayer, Ellen, for you."

"I have once promised to heed your lessons, and now promise again," I replied. "You have taught me to-day more precious lessons than ever before, and surely I cannot forget them. No, mother, never."

"Remember, Ellen, it has been said that love is blind; and it seems to me it is so; at least, it covers a multitude of faults. But we will talk no more now, for I feel much exhausted; I feel quite thirsty."

I gave her some water, which she drank with a good relish. I began to fear that she might have a fever, for there were many symptoms of that disease which had spread a gloom over our house and over the whole neighborhood.

Towards night she grew worse, and I called in an elderly maiden who was an excellent nurse and a good judge of various diseases, for she had attended upon the sick for many years.

This woman pronounced the case a serious one, and every effort was made to "break up the fever," as she expressed it. But, alas! all these efforts proved unavailing, and a violent fever set in.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dark Clouds Gather Fast. A Mother's Warning. Arrival of the Angler. The Effect, &c.

Another bright November sun arose, and the waters of the river sparkled with his morning beams; but sorrow and sadness were the companions of our little household.

Mother grew worse, and her symptoms were indeed alarming. She urged me to be calm and collected, and to prepare for the worst.

Mother's strong impression was that this was her last sickness, and such was her impression from the beginning.

The nurse began to think so too. But how could I bear such a thought! How could I endure to be left alone in this cold world! I did not, I would not despair! I closely watched every symptom and noted every change in the disease—now hoping that the crisis would soon be over, and now feeling doubts and fearful apprehensions.

The good nurse did all in her power, and the doctor, whom we had called, exercised his best skill; but they gave me

but little encouragement to hope for her recovery; and yet I did hope. What a medicine to the soul is hope under such appalling circumstances!

I rejoiced that, while the fever raged, she retained full possession of her mind. The disease turned more upon the lungs than upon the brain, and began to assume the congestive form. Her breathing became hard and short, but her mind remained bright.

Such fevers often do their fatal work in a short time. But she was calm and composed, and conversed freely upon the subject of death.

"Oh, Ellen, I'm not afraid to die!" she said, while she grasped my hand and pressed it with all a mother's emotions. "I could wish to live for your sake, but God will protect you. Yes; but you must so conduct yourself as to worthy of such protection."

The nurse advised her not to talk too much, and she remained silent. Inflamed as were her lungs, it required a very great effort to converse; but she was anxious to counsel and advise me.

After a brief pause she again spoke in a tremulous voice.

"Ellen, you spoke of Colonel Beaufort yesterday, did you not?" she asked. "I cannot very well remember."

"You were right, mother," I replied. "It was yesterday I said I thought he would return soon. I hope he will, for he might be of service to us at this time of trouble."

"We have good neighbors, and Colonel Beaufort is a stranger, and we know but little about him. He may be a good man, and he may be a wicked one. Men have two characters—an external and an internal one. His external character is fair enough; but God knows his heart; we do not."

"But you do not think he is a wicked man, do you, mother?" I asked.

"I must not judge him," she replied.

"He appears like a gentleman," I said,

wishing to hear her speak more of him.

"Yes; but appearances are often deceitful. 'You will remember what I told you about those who reside in cities.'"

"I remember it all," I replied; "and shall never forget it."

"He said he had no wife and family," she said. "Remember your own father told me the same, and I believed him. Alas, it was not true! I would not judge Colonel Beaufort, but he may not have told the truth."

"I see it all, dear mother; I shall remember all you say."

"Now do not understand me as expressing the opinion that he is a deceitful, wicked man," she said. "I know nothing of his character; 'but I only wish to caution you. Be not deceived. Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.'"

The nurse now entered the room, and our conversation ceased.

Soon after a rapping was heard at the door, which I immediately answered. And there stood the gentleman we were talking about. He had just returned from the lakes, and greeted me most cordially. From my manner and appearance he at once thought that some trouble had come upon us.

"You look sad, my dear," he said, as he pressed my hand and gazed upon me. "What has happened? I hope you are not indisposed."

I told him all; and he expressed much sympathy, and was anxious to see mother. He was the same pleasant gentleman. I bid him be seated, and then informed mother of his arrival and his wish to see her."

"Then he has come!" she said, in a feeble, trembling voice. "I do not wish to see him at present. Perhaps I may feel better soon, and then will send for him."

I returned and told him what mother had said.

"Very well, my dear," he said, smiling and holding my hand. "I see you wear the ring I gave you."

"Oh, yes; it is a very beautiful ring, and much admired by all who see it," I replied.

"I hope your mother will not be sick long," he continued.

"I fear she will not live many days."

"So sick as that!" he exclaimed; "I am sorry to hear it; I still think she will get well. But if she should not you will be left alone in the world."

"Yes," I answered, in a trembling voice, while he still pressed my hand.

"You will find a protector," he said; "I have constantly thought of you since I have been in the woods. No, dearest, you shall not be left alone and without a protector so long as I live. But I trust your mother will yet recover."

The nurse now entered the room and said mother desired to see me. Hearing her footsteps he immediately released my hand. That fact induced me to think that he felt as if he was not doing exactly right in such a short acquaintance. But I did not give much thought to the circumstance at that time, my mind was so much taken up with mother's condition.

Immediately I went to mother's room, leaving the nurse and the Colonel together, for she had quite a curiosity to see a New York gentleman. Now the nurse was no fool, neither was she diffident or cowardly.

"I understand the lady of the house is quite unwell," he said.

"She is a very sick woman, sir, and her chances for recovery are slim indeed," said the nurse, eyeing him very closely and watching all his movements.

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear it," he added. "She is a very fine woman, and her loss must be felt in the neighborhood quite seriously. And her daughter, it would be a severe blow to her."

"Yes; but then we must take things in this world just as they come along," she replied. "We must all bow to higher powers. It is a severe loss for a daughter to lose her mother at any time; but Ellen is now sixteen years old, and if she be-

haves well her condition will be quite well enough. She has good friends in this vicinity, and she will be left with quite a handsome dowry. If she had less beauty she might do better."

"Why so?" he asked smiling, and gazing upon her with much curiosity. He thought she was a kind of original genius; and so she was in some respects.

"Why so?" she repeated; "because so many men will be running after her. You can now understand what I mean, do you not?"

"Certainly, madam; your meaning is quite plain," he answered. "I think she is one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw."

"Good Lord!" she exclaimed; "I hope you will not be running after her, for you are old enough to be her father if not her grandpa. But these old hawks love young chickens."

"That may be true, madam," he said. "I trust, however, you do not place me in that category."

"In that what?" she asked, looking at him very intently through her spectacles and taking a pinch of the neat Scotch snuff.

"I mean you do not reckon me an old hawk," he replied, smiling.

"There is no telling what these city gentlemen are," she added. "I have never been in Boston or New York, but I understand they are full of iniquity. A few years ago a daughter of a widow woman living not three miles from this house, went to Boston to get employment, and she did get it with a vengeance. Too many men are no better than brutes. This girl was seduced by a brute as old as you are. He promised to marry her. Yes, that is the way they work! She was a handsome girl when she left her mother, and a virtuous one too; but the spoiler came; and where is she?"

"That is indeed more than I can tell," he replied, smiling, and admiring her want of mock modesty; for there was not a particle in her composition.

"I did not exactly ask you the question," she added. "The question I did ask I can answer better than you can, sir. The girl lost her virtue, believed everybody was wicked, and became a bad character. Such is city life. If I were a mother and had daughters, the city is the last place on God's footstool I would permit them to go to or live in. The villains all live there. The country air is the purest. Here we work for a living, and that keeps us honest. You must excuse my plain speech, sir. I always speak out what I feel. I abominate a hypocrite."

"You and I think very much alike," he added, wishing to try the power of flattery upon her. "You talk well, and I admire your frankness. The truth, too, you speak. I frankly acknowledge your ideas of city life are very good, but I trust you believe there are some good men in our cities."

"There may be a few just to save them," she replied; "but I reckon the streets are not overrun with them."

"You are quite severe on our sex," he said; "but after all we deserve some leniency."

"No doubt of that," she added; "but I must see to my patient."

While the nurse and Colonel Beaufort were thus conversing, I sat by the bedside of mother, who felt much anxiety in consequence of the Colonel's arrival. Her feelings upon the subject may be understood by the following dialogue:

"Ellen," she said, soon after I entered the room and the nurse went out, "I feel strongly impressed with the belief that, before many days shall have elapsed, I must leave you to engage in the battles of life alone. That I feel much anxiety for your prosperity in the world you can have no doubt. If I could be assured that you would marry some good, honest, industrious farmer and live on this spot which is so dear to me, I could die contented. Now there is Joel Armstrong, who is an excellent young man, and would make

you a kind and indulgent husband. And you very well know he feels a very deep interest in you."

"Oh, mother, do not be alarmed about me," I said. "You have given me good advice, and I intend to be governed by it. But you would not have me become the wife of a man whom I cannot love? No doubt young Armstrong is good enough for me, but he is so rough and unpleasant in his manners."

"Yes, yes, I understand all that," she replied, manifesting some impatience; "but if he is rough on the outside his heart is good, and his habits of industry and economy will ensure you a very good living."

"I know it, dear mother; but I cannot love him."

"Very well," she replied; "that is quite enough. I would not have you wed a man you cannot love. No, no, Ellen. I would not advise you to do so, however rich and worthy he might be. But my greatest fear is that you may choose one who possesses a handsome person and is well mannered, but whose heart is corrupt and wicked. You must beware of such characters, as I have often told you. Be careful how you receive presents from such men."

"But, mother, you do not think Colonel Beaufort is such a man, do you?" I inquired. "He gave me a ring and I gladly accepted it. I hope I was not wrong in doing so."

"I judge no man until I know him," she replied. "Colonel Beaufort appears well enough, but the expression of his eyes did not please me, especially when he was looking at you. I noted that, and it made me feel somewhat suspicious that all was not right. I may be mistaken, and I only speak of it to guard you from all harm. You must not give him the least encouragement nor listen to any tale of love, if he should ever speak to you on such a subject. Ellen, he is too old for you; for you would be quite a young woman

when he would be an old man. You must look to the future as well as at the present. I do not know as he ever thought of making love to you, and perhaps he never has, but my warning can do no harm in that case. I only wish you to be guarded under any circumstances that may happen. If I live I can take care of you. At least I should hope to do so. It seems he has taken pains to call here, and that may mean something. Ellen, to be frank with you, I fear he has some designs upon you; and, therefore, I feel anxious that your conduct towards him should be marked with the strictest propriety. Remember, Ellen, he is a perfect stranger, and he must be treated accordingly. But I feel exhausted, and must not talk more at present."

I listened with a deep interest to all she said, but made no reply. I felt the full force of her advice; and, had she known what he said to me and how he acted, she would have been much more alarmed than she was.

It is true I was pleased with him, but did not dream of love. And yet he was just such a man; at least it seemed to me he was just such a man as I could love, especially if he was not so much older than I was. My fancy had formed such a man, saving and excepting his age. The nurse came in about the time mother ceased her conversation with me, and she was, therefore, ignorant of what had been said.

"How long, Ellen, is that New Yorker going to stay?" asked the nurse. "It is not convenient to have him here, as we are so much engaged and your mother is so sick. I believe he wishes to see your mother, and he can do so for a short time, if she has no objection."

"I will see him soon," said mother.

"I think that will be best, and then, perhaps, he will leave," added the nurse. "If he stays here he must go to work and help us, but I suppose he does not know how to do a thing except catch fish. Such

men are dreadful useless about a house."

"Perhaps he knows more and can do more than you think he can," I said.

"I dare say, you think so, Ellen," said the nurse, looking slyly at me.

The truth is, she saw him when he released my hand from his, and that circumstance she would be most likely to magnify. Mother seemed to be in a sort of lethargy, and was quiet.

CHAPTER IX.

The Progress of Disease. Startling and Fearful Dreams. The Interview, and Strange Impressions.

"She sleeps!" whispered the nurse; "That is well; a somewhat favorable symptom, and yet, Ellen, I have but little hope. I have been with the sick so many years that I can judge pretty correctly; but after all I have often been mistaken, and patients have recovered whom I thought would die. Your mother has naturally a good constitution, and that may get the better of her disease."

"I'm glad she sleeps," I added. "She was quite exhausted, and sleep will do her good. When she awakes I suppose she will permit Colonel Beaufort to see her; for he feels very anxious to have an interview."

"And is that all he feels anxious about, Ellen?" asked the shrewd nurse, taking an extra pinch, and looking slyly at me, as if some very peculiar thoughts were running through her head.

"That is more than I can tell," I replied, somewhat disgusted by her remarks and sly hints.

"Ellen, is his hand very soft?" she provokingly continued.

I made no reply, and appeared hardly to notice her question. She then looked at me for a moment, and then turned her eyes upon mother, who appeared to be waking from her slumber. At last she spoke.

"I believe I have slept some. I wish my slumber had continued longer."



ELLEN, THE PRIDE OF BROADWAY.

"You have slept a short time," I replied. "Do you feel better?"

"Oh, Ellen, I don't know," she said in feeble voice. "I do not feel so much as I did, and for that I am thankful. Give me some water."

The nurse gave her some water, and she drank with a good relish, and it seemed to refresh her.

"You may ask Colonel Beaufort in now," she said. "Perhaps I can see him now as well as at any time."

"Well, you must talk but very little with him," said the nurse.

I went out, and the Colonel accompanied me to the sick room. He walked very softly towards the bed, and seemed to be full of sympathy and feeling.

Mother spoke, and said she was glad to see him looking so well.

"I wish I could say as much of you," he answered. "My health is very good, and would to heaven you were now enjoying the same blessing. I am sorry to see you on a bed of sickness; but I trust you will soon be better."

Mother shook her head, and made no reply. He gazed upon her, and mani-

fested much apparent feeling and interest. All were now silent for a short time. He stood gazing upon her, and then turned his fascinating eyes upon me as if he would be my protector under any circumstances. At least such an impression did the expression of his countenance give me at that moment. All were silent, and mother seemed to fall away into a kind of stupor, closing her eyes and breathing very hard. Soon she began to mutter incoherent sentences, to which we all listened with a deep interest. The word Ellen we could hear distinctly. Evidently I was the subject of her dreams. At last she muttered the name of Beaufort, and her countenance assumed a peculiar expression. He turned his head to catch every word she muttered.

"She speaks my name as well as yours," he whispered to me. "I wish we could understand what she says."

"If you did," quickly added the nurse, in a low tone of voice, "you might not be so well pleased as you imagine."

The Colonel turned his keen eyes upon her, but made no reply. She gazed at him through her glasses and, and then took a pinch of snuff, as if she cared no more for him than she did for the snuff she was taking. Again mother began to utter broken sentences, and we listened to them attentively, hoping to make out some meaning in what she said.

"Ellen! Oh God—alone—world, wicked—danger—men!" she muttered.

We could hear the above words, and the inference was that I shall soon be left alone in the world where there was danger and wicked men. Such was the construction the nurse put upon the words, and she declared it to us in an earnest but low voice.

The Colonel did not at all fancy the construction of the language; but he made no answer to the nurse, except casting upon her a severe look, which she did not appear to notice.

"He has come!" continued mother, after a short pause, rubbing her forehead with her hand, as if she were trying to collect her scattered thoughts. "Has he? Yes; didn't I see him yesterday; or when was it? Oh! my head burns! Water."

The nurse gave her some water, which she drank, and seemed to be fully awake and in possession of her senses.

"Did I sleep," she asked, turning her eyes upon me, and extending her hand.

"I believe you have slept a little," I replied, taking her hand and pressing it.

"I thought I was dreaming, but I can remember nothing," she added.

"You did appear to be dreaming," I replied, still holding her hand and gazing upon her flushed, expressive face.

She now saw the Colonel, who stood a little behind me, and instantly closed her eyes as if the sight of him was more than she could bear. He noticed the circumstance, and knew not what construction to place upon it. The nurse did not happen to see it, or if she did she manifested no signs of it. Mother kept her eyes thus closed for a considerable time, and then gradually opened them. I stood in breathless silence, fearing she might utter something that might wound the feelings of the Colonel; for somehow I did not wish to have him thus troubled when he appeared, to be so much interested in our household affairs. He appeared well, and very friendly, and we knew nothing against him. True, mother did not know but he might be a very wicked man with a fair exterior, and the old nurse didn't think much of stylish gentlemen any way. I did not feel disposed to condemn him without some proof against him; and surely we had no such proof. At last mother spoke in a trembling voice, and directing her remark to him.

"I hope you are as a gentleman as you appear to be," said mother.

"I hope so, too, madam," he replied. "I am not aware that I appear very good. At any rate I have not tried to assume that appearance. My conduct and bearing are always natural."

"I hope so, too," she replied. "Do good to all, and especially to the poor, the weak and depending; for robust as your frame is, you have but a short time to live in this world."

"Life is indeed short at the longest," he replied. "I trust I shall improve it, and do all the good I can. No doubt you feel much anxiety about your only daughter; but remember that God will not forsake her, even if she be left alone in a wicked world."

"You talk well," she said; "I must not distrust a good Providence; but men are full of deception, and a young girl may be led astray."

"Oh, madam, you speak the words of truth. Men are wicked, but not all men," he replied, placing his hand on his breast and emphasizing the word all.

Mother looked at him for a moment, and then closed her eyes. The nurse also fastened her eyes upon him.

I watched the movings of his face, and surely honesty seemed to be in every lineament.

But the old nurse entertained a very different opinion. She was prejudiced against him, and her prejudices were not easily shaken off.

Mother had again fallen into a stupor, and her breathing was hard. Soon she began to mutter words and broken sentences. Her mind was evidently wandering.

"Father—Ellen—he once—me—oh, where is he?" she said. "There! No, no; I did not—New York—great—wicked. Has he come? Yes. Did he go away. Oh, Ellen! Alone!"

"She shall not be alone!" said the

Colonel. "There—excuse me, Ellen. I spoke from the impulse of the moment, as if your dear mother could hear and understand me."

"The sick, in her state of mind, do sometimes hear and even answer questions," said the nurse. "I have known many instances of the kind. But she may be too much exhausted. Her sands of life are fast running out."

"I yet hope she will recover," said the Colonel.

The nurse shook her head, and made no other reply.

Mother continued to sleep and mutter still more incoherent sentences. My name we could often hear, and the words city, New York. But we could not put the words together so as to make a sentence. In this lethargic state she continued for some time. At last she turned her head upon her pillow and opened her eyes full upon me. Her lips moved, and she pronounced my name once. It was the last word she uttered, and that in a voice scarce above a whisper.

Oh that last look of my mother I can never forget! It seems to me I can see it more plainly now than I did years ago. There have been periods in my life when I scarcely remembered it; but, thank Heaven, those periods are passed, and better feelings prevail.

"She has ceased to breathe!" whispered the nurse. "Her candle has gone out! Ellen, your mother is dead!"

I will not attempt to describe my feelings on that occasion. They were such as a daughter ought to feel when a good mother dies.

Colonel Beaufort seemed to be much affected, and even the tears ran down his manly cheeks.

The news of this sad death spread through the neighborhood, and many called to offer their friendly services on the occasion.

Colonel Beaufort was very active, and helped us very much. He seemed to

know what to do on such an occasion and how to do it. Even the nurse reluctantly acknowledged he was a "very handy man." And yet she was determined to believe he was "a great rogue among the women," as she expressed it. That was her opinion from the first, and nothing he could do would change it. She did not believe such a handsome man could be a virtuous one. The old nurse liked plain people better she did handsome ones.

The Colonel remained with us and assisted at the funeral, which was a very large one for a place so thinly inhabited, for dwelling houses were at considerable distance from each other on the banks of the river.

Mother was buried in the maple grove by the side of her husband, and that sacred spot I visited two years ago from this present writing. And if I should describe all my emotions on that occasion it would fill a volume.

The next morning after the funeral the nurse took it upon herself to read a lecture; and she did it, too, from the best of motives.

I did not then place full confidence in all she said, or have implicit faith in her judgment; I can look back now and see that she was a woman of strong mind and sound judgment. What might appear as prejudice was the honest conviction of a well disciplined mind and the deliberation of a sound judgment and common sense, of which she possessed an unusual share.

"Now, Ellen, your mother sleeps in the grave beside her husband, and you are left without any near relative," she said. "What course in life do you intend to pursue?"

"Really I cannot now tell, for I have not had time to think upon the subject since the funeral," I replied.

"I know you will excuse me if I speak plainly," she added.

I answered her that I should not expect anything from her but plain talk and good

advice. I had no doubt but she was my friend, and would advise me to pursue that course she thought the best.

"True, Ellen, I feel an interest in your welfare," she continued. "I have lived many years, and ought to know something of the world and have some little knowledge of human nature. And be not flattered or feel vain when I express my fears that your great personal beauty will prove a snare to you. I have never seen but one girl who I think was as handsome as you are, and she fell an easy victim to a heartless but handsome man. What was the New York gentleman saying to you last evening? I noticed you and he were together and talking very busily out near the woodpile?"

"Oh, he spoke of the great loss I had met with," I replied.

"And was that all he said?" she inquired, peering into my face through her glasses as if she would read my inmost thoughts.

"He remarked that mother was an excellent woman, and that he could hardly realize the fact that she was in the grave. He seemed to feel much sympathy, and expressed much regret that she was no more."

"Ellen," she continued, in a firmer voice and more earnest manner; "did he not express great admiration for your beauty and intimate that he would be your protector? He looked to me as if he was making just such remarks. You can answer me or not, just as you please. I have no selfish motive in asking the questions. It is for your good and not to gratify an idle curiosity that I thus catechise you. I hope you will believe me."

"I do believe you," I quickly replied. "He did speak of my beauty, and remarked, just as you have, that beautiful girls are too often led from the paths of virtue and innocence by cunning, heartless men, whose only object is the gratification of

their baser passions. Such men, he said, never knew what true love is—that pure sentiment which real beauty inspires in an honest, sensitive heart."

"Those were his words, were they?" she asked.

"I think they are the very same," I replied.

"He has a silver tongue," she quickly added, and looking earnestly at me. "Yes, a real silver tongue, and a very handsome face and a musical voice. Ah, Ellen, beware of such sweet words. The serpent has a painted skin, and there are thorns near the most beautiful and fragrant flowers. Ellen, let me warn you not to place confidence in that man before you know more of his character. I fear he is here for no good. He looks to me just like a rogue in ruffles; and they are more to be feared than a rogue in rags. Why does he remain here now?"

I told her I did not know; and assured her that I did not believe Colonel Beaufort was such a man as she represented him to be; for I had seen no evidence to convince me of such a fact.

But she was firm and decided in her opinion, and I could not shake her belief. She said much more, which it is not necessary to record on these pages. But she was honest; and the sequel will show whether her opinion was as sound as her heart was sincere.

CHAPTER X.

The Advice of Friends. Interesting Conversation. Intrigue. New York City, &c.

Two days after the funeral, and still Colonel Beaufort remains with us, and the old nurse wonders why he does not leave. She becomes more and more anxious about him, and wishes he would depart and go to his home in the city—a much more suitable place for him, in her opinion, than the valley of the Androscoggin. The neighbors, far up and near, called upon me in my affliction, and many young farmers were often at the house, sympathizing with me and offering their ser-

vices. But Colonel Beaufort was the object of all eyes and the subject of much conversation.

My friends, urged on by the nurse, became alarmed for my safety. Many volunteered their advice, especially the female portion of them. Warning upon warning I received from them, and great interest was manifested in my behalf. And no doubt good motives were at the bottom of all these movements; but I could not so fully appreciate them then as I can now.

The third day after the funeral services were performed I was at the grave, and there most vividly remembered all the advice my good mother had given me. It seemed as if not a single word she ever uttered escaped my memory, and most deeply did I reflect upon them.

While thus engaged in meditation in that sacred spot, Colonel Beaufort made his appearance.

It was late in the afternoon, and the weather was very pleasant. He had been absent nearly all day engaged in his favorite sport of angling. This was his first attempt at catching trout in this vicinity. I had told him where to go, and his luck was much better than he expected, for he had caught a string of beautiful trout, of which he appeared to be quite proud.

I stood near mother's grave as he approached, smiling.

"Dear Ellen, your directions have been followed, and here is the result," he said, holding up the string of trout and gazing fondly upon me.

"You have been very lucky indeed," I replied.

"But I would not disturb your meditations in this sacred place," he continued, after a short pause, approaching near me and taking my hand; "I, too, have stood over the grave of a mother, and know how to sympathize with you on this occasion. The greatest loss we can meet in life is the loss of parents, especially if they die when we are young. I was but a year or two

older than you are when my mother died; she was a good woman, and most dearly do I cherish her memory."

"I have, indeed, met with a terrible loss, and God only knows what my fortunes are to be in this world!" I replied, as the tears ran down my cheeks and my lips trembled with emotion.

"I trust and believe your fortunes in life will be favorable," he said; "I have been thinking all day what sent me to your house at all. My first call was an accident, and my second, after my return from the lakes, was urged upon me by a mysterious power that I could not resist. I know I promised to call on my return, but then I did not know as I should return this way. In fact I did not expect to; but Providence guided and directed my footsteps. I can see it all now clearly as I can see the beams of yonder sun as he goes down in the west."

"You have been very kind in assisting me in my troubles," I said.

"All I have done has given me pleasure," he continued. "I feel as if some mysterious power directed my steps to the place. I could not have passed by without doing violence to my own feelings. I felt on my journey that your mother was sick, that I had some duty to perform; but what that was I did not clearly see until my arrival here. Oh, dear Ellen, there is a special as well as a general Providence that directs, whether we know it or not. Now I have lived nearly forty years, and have never seen a girl I could love until I saw you. But this I have told you before. I now repeat it, because I believe I was directed here by an unseen power. Why should I have come here just before your natural guardian died? Is there not evidently some design in this special Providence? You have lost your natural guardian; but Heaven ordained that you should find another. And am I not that one? It seems to me I am. Oh, dear Ellen, I have deeply pondered on this through the day. And how can I leave

you? Shall I leave you alone on the banks of this river to struggle against fortune and engage, single handed, in the battles of life? Would that be my duty? No, no, dear Ellen, that is not my duty; neither is it my intention. I must not leave you! I cannot go away and leave you here. I have money, power, will everything to make you happy."

I listened with the deepest interest, but knew not what his plan was in relation to my future. I believed he was honest and sincere. How could I believe otherwise?

There was a short pause ere he spoke again.

I could make no reply, for I knew not what to say. I was bewildered, and trembled in every nerve.

"How would you like a life in the city?" he asked, tenderly pressing my hand and looking fondly into my face. "I think you said you would like to see a large city."

"Yes; I often thought I should like to see such a place. Had mother lived we should have gone to Boston and perhaps New York in the course of the year, for she had promised to do so."

A special Providence over us seems more and more plain every hour," he quickly replied. "Ah, it is the will of Heaven that I should fill the place made vacant by the death of your mother! You must visit the city and make it your home, and I will be your guide and protector, dearest. Probably the old nurse and some of your neighbors will advise you to remain on the banks of the river made desolate by the death of your mother; but heed them not. They may be honest and sincere; but they are ignorant, and do not know what is best for you so well I do. I know your aspirations. They are higher and more elevated than those of your neighbors. They are contented to remain in humble life and plod through the world; but you, dear Ellen, have higher notions, more noble aspirations; and it is right they should be gratified. Perhaps the old nurse thinks you had best

wed some clodhopper here and link your fortunes with him. Oh, Ellen, that is not the life for you. Oh, it would be mere drudgery, and not real life. No, no; you were made to move in a higher and nobler sphere, in more fashionable circles. Now every one for the place designed for him or her. You were designed for high life; and I feel as if I were the instrument in the hands of a good Providence of placing you in a proper position. Let gossips talk; let the ignorant form and express their opinions; let old nurses gabble, but after all, dearest, a city life is the life for you!"

He saw the old nurse approaching, and ceased his conversation and released my hand from his; for well he knew how she would look upon such demonstrations. Her character he understood perfectly, and governed himself accordingly.

"Why, Ellen, I did not know where you had strayed to, you have been gone so long," she said. "But you have agreeable company."

"See!" said the Colonel, holding up to her view the trout; "I have had rare sport to-day."

"Yes," she replied, adjusting her spectacles and looking him full in the face. "You are quite an angler—not only for fish but for young girls. Your hook is always baited; you fish in all kinds of water, both city and country. Have you a net, too, so that you can catch those fish that will not bite at a hook?"

"No, madam, I never angle with a net," he replied, smiling, and returning her gaze. "That is vulgar fishing, such as I do not practice. I never net or spear fish, my good woman; and as for the young ladies you speak of, I have let them alone for many years, for I am still a bachelor."

"A bachelor!" she repeated; "what of that? You have loved so many that you could not love any one long enough to marry her. I have seen such men in my day."

"In your younger days, probably," he said.

"Yes, and in my older ones, too," she quickly replied. "They could never make a fool of me. My eyes were always open as they are now. I have not much opinion of men who do not earn their own living by honest industry. Work will keep men honest; but an idle brain is the devil's workshop. Full grown men ought to be more usefully engaged than in hunting and fishing merely for sport. Let them engage in some work that will benefit themselves and their race."

"You are rather hard on the anglers," he said. "Angling is a pleasant recreation, and I can see no harm in it."

"Perhaps you can't," she replied. "None are so blind as those who will not see. If I may be so bold, when do you expect to leave this section of the country? You have made not only a visit, but quite a visitation, if I may so exhibit it."

I was astonished at her asking such a bold, abrupt question, and wondered what answer he could make to it. I noted the expression of his face, but did discover that he was in the least disturbed. He smiled, and looked at the old nurse very unpleasantly.

Some time elapsed before he replied. At last holding up his string of trout and shaking them, he said: "So long as such as there can be caught in this region I shall remain. I hope my presence do not trouble your nerves, does it? It has always been my wish to please the ladies rather than trouble them."

"No doubt of that, sir," she quickly responded. "I think I have seen artificial flies of very brilliant colors which you place on your hooks as a sort of temptation. You first please and then destroy."

The last sentence she uttered in a very emphatic manner, as if she really believed what she said. And the more forcibly to give emphasis to her expression, she took an extra large pinch of her snuff and threw her glasses back upon her head. Before he had time to conjure up a reply, she

turned on her heel and left us. He smiled as his eyes followed her down to the house.

"The old lady is an original genius," he said, "and I like her for her outspoken honesty. She would make a fine character for a novel, if it could be faithfully drawn. Has she always lived in the valley of this river?"

"She has; and in sickness her services are highly prized by everybody who knows her."

"No doubt she is a good nurse," he said; "she would command high wages in New York; but she will probably never leave this region. Perhaps it is as well, for she is getting to be quite old, and her days are almost numbered. A great pity it is that she has not more charity for city people; but then her prejudices are all natural enough. There is always more or less prejudice in the country against the city; but give me the city life, and an occasional excursion into the country, and I am satisfied. How you would enjoy the city! You would see so much to interest and amuse you!"

Thus he held forth the charms of city life. And his remarks made a strong impression upon my mind.

As the kind reader has already learned, my mind was well prepared to receive such impressions; for my heart's desire was to live in the city, where I could enjoy those scenes which he so cunningly painted and held up to my fancy.

I will not undertake to describe the terrible struggle I passed through before I made up my mind to accompany him to New York; for I came to that determination, against the advice and remonstrance of all my friends and acquaintances. But he had far more power over me than all others.

The last words I ever heard the honest old nurse speak were the same she uttered to him with so much emphasis — "He pleases, and then destroys!"

These words are still ringing in my

ears. They can never be forgotten; and the image of that honest old nurse is still before me. I can now see how she looked, how earnest her manner was, and how full of warning was her voice at the moment she uttered those words to him at the grave of my mother. But there was still another and a more insidious power at work on my heart.

In spite of all opposition from every quarter, from old men and women; from my young friends and acquaintances of both sexes; from the parson who officiated at my mother's funeral; and last, but not least, from the old nurse herself, I left the banks of the Androscoggin and accompanied Colonel Beaufort to the city of New York.

And now the scene changes from a quiet, peaceful, innocent country life to the noise, confusion and turmoil of the city. The change was a great one for me and produced great effects upon me.

Amid the excitement of such a life I began to forget the past and its events. A new life seemed to have been given to me.

My lover—for so I must now call him—treated me with the utmost kindness and the greatest liberality. I had a suit of rooms in a boarding house kept by a woman in Bleecker street, whose name was Mrs. Totford. She called herself a widow lady, who had seen better times, but, having lost husband and property, she was compelled to keep a boarding house for a living.

Her appearance was quite prepossessing, being a large, stately person, whose manners were quite fascinating, and her conversational powers much better than usual. Evidently she had seen much of world, and was well versed in city life.

She received me very politely and treated me kindly. I was pleased with her, and she appeared to be pleased with me. She spoke in the highest praise of Colonel Beaufort. Her curiosity was that of a woman, and she soon learned from my lips the history of my life.

My history appeared to deeply interest her; and she was particularly eloquent when speaking of my good fortune in finding such a man as Colonel Beaufort. "How extremely fortunate you are in making the acquaintance of the Colonel," she said, the day of my arrival at her house. "He is a splendid man, and rich, too. There is not a girl in the city but what would jump at the chance of wedding such a man as he is. I know several daughters of millionaires who have been setting their caps for him; but somehow he never saw a girl he fancied until he happened to meet you down east. It is singular indeed; but such is human life. You spoke of your father who died before your mother. I think he must have been a very handsome man."

"He was my stepfather," I replied, wishing she would not press the inquiry further.

"Oh, then your mother was a widow," she said; "I know how to sympathize with widows."

I made no reply, but cast my eyes upon the carpet, and was troubled.

She at once saw how it was, and came to my relief.

"Your silence speaks louder than any words," she said; "I understand; be not troubled; no one has control over her birth; I was an illegitimate daughter, and never knew who my father was; but no blame attaches to me for that; neither does any attach to you."

Her remarks quieted my troubled spirit, and looked up and smiled. She also smiled; and that interchange of smiles made me quite at home. Her knowledge of the human heart taught her exactly how to pull the strings; she read me as she would a book.

"Did you ever see your own father?" she asked.

"I never did; but I have his name engraved upon a watch which he gave my mother," I replied; "I hope I may find him at some future day."

"Such fathers are not easily found," she said, smiling, and looking at her gold watch to see what the hour was. "Let me see your watch."

"I showed it to her, and she much admired it, for it was a costly one; opening it she read the name.

"Charles Moreton!" she exclaimed; "there are Moretons in this city, but I presume your father is not one of them. Such fathers as yours and mine often change their names, especially when they change their place of residence."

Thus she continued to talk, and did all in her power to please me; and well did she succeed in her efforts.

I was pleased with her; and how could I be otherwise under the peculiar circumstances that surrounded me? I had the prospect of possessing everything the heart could wish; a rich, loving husband; money in abundance; fashionable life; great excitement; sights and sounds of all descriptions—the very things I longed for in my girlhood!

CHAPTER XI.

Marriage Prospects. A Broadway Promenade. A Representative Character. A Dream, &c.

After leaving me at Mrs. Tetford's boarding house, Colonel Beaufort said he had some business to attend to, and would see me again in the evening.

We arrived in the city about noon, after a long and tedious journey of several days, for the facilities for travelling then were not so great as they now are.

During the journey he was exceedingly attentive, kind and affectionate, sometimes making advances which I was compelled to resist; for I had not yet forgotten maternal advice and admonition.

Mother's voice still rang in my ears; but I confess the sounds grew fainter as days passed away.

When resisted he always apologised, and said I must pardon something to the great love he had for me.

How easy it is for a young, sensitive,

ambitious girl to accept an apology based upon such a declaration!

I believed him; but still kept possession of that precious jewel which my sex prize so highly, and so justly too.

For all this I will not claim more credit than properly belongs to me. No; mother was better qualified to advise and counsel a daughter on such subjects than mine; and none did the work more faithfully. Having herself been led astray from the paths of virtue by the arts of a shrewd and handsome man, she knew how to caution and warn others to avoid the downward road to ruin and degradation.

Hours, long hours, passed, before the Colonel came. I say long hours, for they were so to me! He had not been absent from me so long for some days; and strange as it may seem to a less sensitive person than I was, my heart clung to him, as the ivy clings to the oak. I felt a kind of new life, and fairly entered that fairy world of which I had so often dreamed in earlier years!

Now that my mother was in her grave, he seemed to me to be the only near and dear friend I had in the world! And it is not strange or marvellous that I should have such impressions.

At last evening came, and so did he. He immediately came to my room, and greeted me with a kiss. I suffered him thus to greet me, for I was rejoiced to see him.

"Well, dear Ellen," he said, sitting down beside me, and gazing fondly into my face; "how do you like your boarding house?"

"Very much indeed," I replied. "The lady of the house appears to be a very kind hearted woman, and anticipates all my wants!"

"She is indeed a charming woman!" he said. "You will enjoy her society much; for you will find she improves on acquaintance. I hope she gave you something good to eat; she likes good living herself!"

"I have been well provided for. She gave me some wine, which was very fine. However I am not a judge of such things, not having been in the habit of indulging in such luxuries."

"We have all the luxuries in our city," he said. "You have scarcely begun to see the city yet. Oh, dear Ellen, there is nothing to prevent our being the happiest couple in New York!"

"I hope we shall be," I replied, gently removing his head from my shoulder, and thereby admonishing him not to be too familiar; for mother's lessons were still fresh in my memory.

He was evidently disappointed at my movement, and began to express his warm and ardent affection for me. Most earnest was he in thus expressing his emotions. He spoke of our marriage, and longed for that happy day to come which should make us one. But he said he could not be ready for several weeks, at the same time intimating that we were already married in our hearts, and that was a sufficient warranty for our living together as man and wife!

He argued the question with all the skill and ingenuity he possessed, and that was no small share. But his arguments could not satisfy me, or destroy the effect of the counsel and advice I had received from my mother. He remained with me until near midnight, and then took his departure.

The next morning Mrs. Tetford cunningly introduced the subject of our contemplated marriage, and made use of the same arguments the Colonel had the evening before.

This somewhat astonished me; that she, being a woman and once married, should thus reason and attempt to persuade me that he was actuated by the purest motives.

I hoped and even believed his motives were not corrupt; for I was weak enough to attribute all his reasoning upon the subject to the great love he bore me. But

mother's influence was still upon me, and the admonitions of the old nurse were not forgotten.

The ordeal I had to pass through was a terrible one; but, nevertheless, I had the moral courage to go through it.

And here let me put on record the fact that daughters cannot prize too highly nor heed too closely the counsel and admonition of good mothers. My prayer to Heaven is, that young girls may never cease to hear the warning voice of mothers and lay it to heart.

The next day I left my room and went down into the parlor. At that time no one was present but Madam Tetford. She was exceedingly polite and very talkative. Her conversational powers was far above mediocrity, and she understood well the science of human nature. She could read human hearts as some would a book; for she had made them a study for many years.

I had not been long in the parlor before a young gentleman entered who was very fashionably dressed, sported a small cane and a very beautiful mustache. He was introduced to me by Madame Tetford as Augustus Fairchild. He was a handsome young man, but somewhat aristocratic in his bearing. His eyes were occasionally fastened upon me in such a peculiar, fixed gaze as made me a little nervous. He was talkative, but very precise in his language, and somewhat stiff in his manners.

As conversation passed between us he appeared to be much interested in me. I fancied, or rather flattered myself that he was smitten with my charms. I did not mean to be vain, and did not think I was; but somehow I could not help believing he was greatly pleased with my beauty. After remaining awhile he left, and Madame Tetford told me he moved in the first circles, and had recently come into possession of a large fortune by the death of his father, who was considered among the most wealthy man of the city. I could

not help comparing him with Colonel Beaufort, and that comparison made me wish the Colonel was as young as he was. This interview had that effect, and no more; for I thought I loved the Colonel, old as I was. I seemed to have a double affection for him—that of a daughter and that of a lover. So that he held me bound to him by two ties which I then imagined could not be easily broken.

I well remember that the keeper of this boarding house was careful not to leave me alone with the fashionable young man. She had a motive for that; but I did not then understand it quite so well as I do now.

I noticed that there were a great many visitors to this boarding house; but whether they were regular boarders or not I did not know. I did not sit at the table with others, but my meals were brought to my room. I thought I was highly honored, and yet I felt as if I should like to sit at the public table and see who the boarders were. I knew there were some of my sex in the house, for I could occasionally hear them talk and laugh.

The Colonel was attentive to me, and appeared to be much in love. He was eloquent and earnest in his appeals and strong in his promises of marriage, to all of which I listened with deep and earnest attention.

But all his eloquent and fervent appeals; his solemn promises of marriage; his declarations of love and his constant importunities could not drown the voice of my lamented mother, which still echoed in the chambers of my soul.

Several days passed, and occasionally I left my room and took a seat in the parlor; but Madame Tetford was sure to be there.

So far as I could learn, I think Augustus Fairchild was at the house every day and evening. And again I saw him in the parlor; and I had no doubt that he felt

some strange emotions when he gazed upon me!

Thus I passed the time.

Once in the course of the first week of my residence in the boarding house I rode out with the Colonel, and once we promenaded together in Broadway. It seemed to me that all eyes were turned upon me in one fixed look!

And such crowds—such tides of humanity I never expected to see or even dreamed of before I came to the city! I was much excited, and gazed upon the throngs of living humanity until my eyes ached.

"This is the city in which we shall pass our lives, I hope and trust," he said, as we promenaded Broadway, arm in arm, and mingled in the crowds.

"It is a wonderful place," I replied; I did not dream that it was half as large!"

"I think it is a little larger than any place on the Androscoggin!" he added, smiling, and pressing my arm against his side.

After walking and talking some hour or two we returned to my boarding house, and, for the first time, he took tea with me. We sat opposite each other at the table. He was very polite and full of smiles.

"There, dear Ellen, it is of no use to think of putting off our marriage much longer," he said; "our thus sitting at the table reminds me of the good time coming!"

I made no reply to his remarks, for the good reason I did not know what to say. I was ready to become his wife at any time he might choose to appoint; and the truth is, I cared not how soon the day came which would unite us in the bonds of wedlock!

"Yes, my dear Ellen," he continued; "I shall make all possible haste to become your lawful, loving husband. Oh, how I long for the bridal day, when two mortals will be made happy!"

"It is for you to fix upon the time," I

remarked, casting my eyes upon the floor and thinking of the Androscoggin.

"I wonder what the old nurse would say if she could see how comfortably you are situated! Everything is nice here and convenient!"

"The house is beautifully furnished," I added. "How many boarders has Mrs. Tetford?"

"Indeed I do not know," he replied; "I do not wish you to mingle in their society, for I consider you quite above them, and hence you have your meals brought to your room!"

"I conclude there are some female boarders here!" I said.

"Oh, yes, I presume so," he answered, rising up and taking his hat, as if he were about to go. "Now, dear Ellen, I must bid you a good evening; but one kiss before I go, that I may have something to dream about!"

The kiss he took, and then departed; but not, however, before he once more spoke of our marriage, saying that it might happen sooner than I was really aware of!

Soon after he left Madame Tetford entered my room, full of smiles, and congratulated me upon the prospect of my marriage.

"The Colonel told me just now that he was determined to marry soon," she said; "I do not wonder he is in a hurry; what a fortunate girl you are!"

"I do not know but I am mistaken, but I thought I heard a female voice in an adjoining room utter an oath a few evenings ago," I said, not seeming to notice her remarks, and looking her full in the face; "I hope I am mistaken, for it strikes me it is a terrible thing for a girl to swear; I never heard one before in my life."

"I think you must be mistaken," she quickly said; "at any rate, I have never heard one of my female boarders utter an oath. There are two who have recently engaged board here; I am not personally acquainted with them; but they appear

respectable; I will watch their ways, for I am determined to keep my place respectable. In a large city like this we are sometimes taken in, however cautious and prudent we may be."

"I suppose there is much wickedness in this city," I added. "Mother always told me that great cities were very wicked."

"Among so many we must expect to find some wicked," she answered.

She remained in my room some time, and was very social and agreeable. Well did she know how to adapt herself to any kind of society. She was a fair representative of a certain class of women who infest all our large cities, and whose influence is evil, and that continually. I know them much better than I wish I did. So far as moral qualities are concerned, they have not one single redeeming trait in their characters, and furnish strong evidence of the doctrine of total depravity—a question which somewhat divides the Christian world.

This widow Tetford, as she called herself, was as smooth as oil, and her intellectual powers were more than usually falls to the lot of women in this world; but her heart was corrupt and a sink of iniquity; and yet she could appear not only moral, but even religious, if occasion called for such a demonstration.

As this city has increased, these characters have greatly multiplied; and some of them own houses in fashionable streets, which were purchased by money coined out of the broken hearts of their own sex.

But I will not dwell in generalities, but pursue my narrative; for I find the limits I have assigned myself will not admit of too many episodes, however useful and interesting they might be to the young reader.

After Madam Tetford bid me good night, I retired, and sought for that rest which I so much needed. I had been much excited through the day and evening, and my nerves needed rest and quiet.

To a young girl marriage is a very ex-

citing subject, especially as the bridal day draws near.

From what Colonel Beaufort had told me, I had every reason to believe but a short time would elapse ere we should be married, consequently my thoughts were busy and my imagination was upon the stretch.

Hours passed ere I could compose myself to sleep, and when I did so it was only to dream upon the subject. I dreamed we were married in church in presence of a large congregation, where there was the most enchanting music I ever heard. My bridal dress was most splendid, and my beauty far outshone the beauty of the many ladies who were present on the occasion. But my dream took a strange turn. In the midst of the ceremony, and just as the priest was about to pronounce us man and wife, my mother seemed to rise up through the floor, and stood before the priest, dressed in pure white robes, her arm outstretched, and her eyes fastened on him.

Addressing the priest in a deep-toned voice, she said: "Thy tongue must not pronounce this couple man and wife! The bridegroom is not worthy of such a wife! It is a base passion, and not pure love that brings him to this altar!"

Saying this she vanished, and I awoke, trembling and agitated. Big drops of sweat stood upon my forehead, and a long time elapsed ere I could convince myself it was all a dream. That vision I can never forget.

CHAPTER XII.

City Life in all its Phases.

The next day after her interview with Colonel Beaufort, Ellen was sitting at her chamber window and saw a woman taken from a carriage and carefully led into a house upon the opposite side of the street.

Her sympathies were excited; for she believed the woman was very sick. A little girl, also, alighted from the carriage

and assisted the woman. Ellen thought the little girl was extremely beautiful; and it seemed to her that she had seen her before. And she gazed upon her with much interest, and finally she was sure she was the same girl she had met before.

Ellen was so much interested in the girl that she went down and called Madame Tetford's attention to her. They stood and looked at the little girl as she came out after some things in the carriage.

"She is a beautiful girl," said Ellen. "What bright shining curls hang over her neck and shoulders!"

"She is handsome," replied Madame Tetford, thinking what a prize she would be some five or six years hence, and wishing she could get her. "When she is sixteen she will make sad havoc among the gentlemen's hearts, as you have on the good Colonel's. I wonder who she can be? We must endeavor to find out. Her parents are poor I should think, or they would not move into that house. I should like to have the girl live with me," said Madame Tetford; "but she may not appear so beautiful on a close examination as she does in the distance."

"She does, you may depend upon that," replied Ellen.

"Her form is graceful, and her motions quick and easy," said the woman.

"See! a fine looking lady is just entering the house, accompanied by a younger one," said Ellen. "I wonder who she can be? It is possible they may be relatives."

"It is possible, but not very probable," added the woman. "Those ladies move in the highest circles, or I'm much mistaken."

Soon after Mrs. Grace and Sarah entered the house, a carman drove up and carried a new bed and some articles of furniture which the good woman had purchased that day for her.

"How do you feel after your ride?" she asked.

"Oh, madame, even better than I did when I started," replied the sick woman.

"You have indeed hired us some good rooms. It is really refreshing to me to breathe above ground once more. I feel as if I shall soon regain my health."

"Yes, wife, we will renew our life and be happy yet," said the husband; "and I am determined to find something to do. I am willing to work now, and atone for some of my past errors. What a terrible life I have lived; but I did not see it a few days ago so clearly as I do now. This good woman has been the means of saving me from a drunkard's grave!"

"And me from an untimely one," said the sick wife.

"And me from begging pennies to buy rum with," said the little girl, while a pleasant smile played over her animated face, and her young heart beat with joyful emotions.

"And you might have added, she has saved you from chastisement at the hands of a drunken father!" continued the man. "That seems to me to be the greatest of all. We shall never forget what this good lady has done for us."

"No, indeed," said the little girl; "I shall forget to breathe first."

"Ah, good people, you must not put your trust in the arm of flesh," said the kind lady. "Give your thanks to God. I have done nothing but my duty. I hope this will prove a good neighborhood, and think it will; but we hardly ever know our next neighbors in this city."

Mrs. Grace and her daughter remained awhile and assisted in arranging the household affairs, and then took their leave.

They had not been gone long before Madame Titford thought she would make a visit to her new neighbors, and entered the house.

"Pray excuse me for this intrusion," said Madame Titford. "When I saw you alight from the carriage I concluded you must be sick."

"I am so," replied the sick wife. "You need make no apology for thus visiting me, for I am glad to see you; do you live near?"

"Across the street, opposite," she said; "and if I can do anything for you my services are at your command."

"You are very kind," she said; I rejoice that I have removed among such kind neighbors; I have been unwell for some weeks, but I hope I am getting better now."

"I am glad to hear it," said Madame Titford, turning her attention to the little girl. "Is this girl your daughter?"

"She is," replied the mother. "She is my only child; her name is Sarah."

"A fine name and charming little girl," continued Madame Titford, gazing upon Sarah, and wishing she was a few years older. "How old are you, my dear?"

"Ten years old last September," replied Sarah; "and I suppose I am old enough to be better."

"I do not know about that," said this artful woman. "You look good enough. How should you like to go and live with me?"

"I couldn't think of leaving father and mother now; for we are just beginning to be happy."

Her visitor did not fully comprehend Sarah's meaning, and made no reply. The mother noticed the fact, and explained.

"Sarah thinks we have now a better house to live in than we have recently occupied; and I think so too," added the mother, after a brief pause. Besides, my health is better; and of course we shall be happier."

"True," said this artful piece; "I now understand; I am glad you have made a change for the better. What ladies were those who visited you a short time since?"

"A kind woman and her daughter; to the former I am indebted for this change. The elderly lady is the wife of Colonel Somers, and the younger one is his daughter. They have been extremely kind to me, and I am grateful for their kindness."

Madame Titford was surprised on learning who the ladies were, the lady's husband being a frequent visitor at her house; but she artfully concealed her feelings.

"They are strangers to me; but I rejoice you have found such very good friends," added this artless woman; "we all need friends in this world; and especially when we are sick."

"Indeed we do," replied the sick woman; "have you a husband?"

"No, I have never been married," she answered; and I cannot regret it; I suppose I might have been when I was some younger; but some how or other I have never seen the gentleman of my choice; some call me particular, and perhaps I am."

"By being so perhaps you have avoided a world of trouble," said the sick lady.

This wily woman made a favorable impression upon the sick woman, who rejoiced that she had fallen among such good neighbors.

Madame Titford very affectionately took leave of the sick woman and returned to her house.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Plot Thickens. More About City Life. Excitement. The Arrest.

The scenes which took place on this dark and stormy night were of the most startling and exciting character; and as they have a bearing—an important one—upon this true history, I must record it in this place.

As I remarked, it was a dark and tempestuous night; a strong wind swept over the city, and the rain descended in torrents. The city clocks had told the hour of twelve, and two villains were closely scrutinising a rough drawing of the various apartments in the house of Madame Titford, by the dim light of a lamp, in a tenement situated in one of those streets leading out of Canal street, on the east side. The room they occupied was very strongly bolted and barred, in the basement of a large wooden building used as a kind of storehouse for lumber and some other articles. No one resided in any part of it. This basement had been occupied as a low groggery; heavy shutters en-

closed the two front windows, and the door was massive and strong. There was no furniture in the room except two chairs, a pine table and an old settee."

"You think this is a correct map of the premises, do you?" asked one of the burglars, whose name was Wilson.

"It is," replied Smith, the one appealed to, pointing to a small apartment on the paper. "This is madame's sleeping apartment, and this side is a cupboard where she keeps her plate. She was very polite in showing me the arrangement of her house; it is well arranged."

"She didn't show you her bedroom, did she?" asked Wilson, laughing.

"Not exactly; but then she left the door of it open that I might look in as I passed, if I pleased," replied Smith; "it is a fine room; but no matter, you will not enter that of course."

"No," replied Smith; "you'll find the door of the cupboard not hard to open, and I'm quite sure the front door might be opened, but you had better enter the back way; that will be the safest. You see how the rooms are situated there. You'll pass through the kitchen into a hall which leads to the front door. Upon the left hand side is the sitting room, and upon the other is the parlor; "you'll have no occasion to enter the parlor; I think she deposits her watch on a stand on a marble mantel piece over the grate."

"I think I have a good idea of the place now," said Wilson; "it is a good night for the operation, for the watchmen will be under some shelter to keep out of the rain; but I hate to face this storm; we shall get wet to our skins."

"No matter for that if we can make a good haul," replied Smith.

It is now past one o'clock, and the two burglars started out into the storm, and hurried on to the street in which the house was situated they were to operate upon.

"But this is a furious storm!" said Wilson; "I can feel the water now running down my legs into my boots."

"No matter, fire will dry us," replied Smith; "we have scarcely seen a single watchmen since we started."

"I am not disposed to find fault with them on that account," said Wilson; "I don't blame them for keeping out of the way of this driving rain."

They had now arrived in front of the house, and the storm did not abate in violence, but rather increased. They stood a moment and looked up and down the street.

"Not a solitary soul to be seen," said Smith; "pass through that gate and you'll find the back entrance; I'll supply the place of a watchman since there is no one on this beat."

"Look out and keep your revolver dry, for we may have an occasion to use it," said Wilson, as he passed through a small gate and groped his way round.

"Be quick as possible," said Smith, walking to and fro in front of the house and looking up and down the street, while his accomplice was making his entrance into the house.

The burglar had a dark lantern in his pocket, and the necessary tools for his work. He was an experienced hand in such rascally enterprizes, and bold in their execution. Smith could pick a pocket better than his companion, but not so skillful in burglarious operations.

The burglar found no difficulty in making his entrance into the kitchen, where he stood a few moments and listened. No sounds were heard except that occasioned by the violence of the storm. He was fearful that the wind might awaken the sleepers, and therefore stood and listened. The room was dark as a pocket, but he had a remedy for that. He opened his lantern and a few feeble rays escaped and revealed the situation of the room. He now cautiously proceeded and found his way into the hall where he remained silent a short time, and again let out a few rays of light that revealed the doors into the sitting room and parlor. Closing the lantern, he entered the sitting



ELLEN AND HER LOVER.

room, and again stood and listened, while the water dripped from his clothes fast upon the carpet. All was still, and a few more rays of light showed him the cupboard. Softly he approached it, and again listened. Now the ticking sounds of the watch fell on his ears. Following the sounds, he soon secured the prize, and turned back, feeling after the keyhole of the cupboard door, and thrusting in a lock-picker which did the job in a few moments. He carefully opened his lantern, and there was the plate bright and shining before his eyes and a small rosewood box highly finished. He now took a portion of the silver ware and carried it to the front door which he had no trouble in opening upon the inside. Returning he again carried another parcel to the door. Soon the shelves were cleared, and he looked round for some other valuables, but found nothing which he thought best to take.

Smith met him at the door, and securing their booty, they hurried on.

The storm had abated, and the stars appeared in the west. Soon the rain ceased altogether, and the wind calmed down to a gentle breeze.

Now and then a watchmen might be seen coming from their places of shelter and gazing on their beats. The plate was concealed under their overcoats.

"I'm sorry the storm is over," remarked Smith, for the watchmen begin to creep out from their hiding places.

"Let us walk boldly along," said Wilson; "do not act shy, but proceed just as if we were returning from a theatre or gambling saloon."

"I understand," replied Wilson; "this stuff is heavy; if it is all silver, we shall be well paid for getting wet."

"I think it is solid silver," said Smith. "See! that watchmen seems to be eyeing us sharply; I wonder what the fellow wants!"

The watchmen approached them as if he meant something. Smith's hand was upon

his revolver. They were passing at the moment by a lamp post, and the gas light revealed a small portion of the plate that Smith was carrying.

"Rather late to be out," said the watchman, looking sharply at them.

"Suppose it is," replied Smith, noticing that some of the plate he was carrying was exposed, and instantly covering it over.

"Nothing in particular, but you will go with me, gentlemen," said the watchman.

"You go to the devil," said Smith, now drawing his revolver, and firing.

The man fell upon the sidewalk, severely, but not mortally, wounded, and the burglars hurried on.

The sound of the pistol roused the other watchmen in the vicinity, who gathered round the fallen man. They raised him up, and he pointed in the direction the burglars fled, saying, in a low voice, "Two of them; they ran down that street; follow them!"

Two of the watchmen pursued, while the others took care of the wounded man.

"Did you kill him?" asked Wilson, as they descended into the room from which they started, and bolted the door.

"That is more than I know," replied Smith; "I shouldn't wonder if the chap received a mortal wound, for I took deliberate aim."

"I was fearful that the sound of the revolver might rouse others, who would follow us," said Wilson, depositing his load upon the old counter."

Smith laid down his booty and struck a light.

They opened the rosewood box and found several gold pieces and articles of value.

"I begin to feel cold in this damp cellar," said Smith.

"So do I," said Wilson, drinking some brandy from a flask, and handing it to his companion. "Let us secure our booty and go where we can find some fire."

"Yes," said Smith. "We must leave

the city soon; I think we had better go to-morrow to Boston."

They secured their booty, and came up into the street just before day dawned. The storm had passed away, and the stars shone brightly. As they stepped upon the sidewalk a watchman discovered them, but they did not notice him, as he stood with his back leaning against a building. He did not follow them, but came and viewed the place from which they issued; his suspicions were aroused, and he marked the spot.

In the morning the news of the burglary and of the wounded watchman increased his suspicions, and he communicated them to one of the police.

The place was constantly watched from early in the morning until nearly night, but no persons appeared.

The burglars had given up the idea of leaving the city that day, and did not venture to visit this room, lest they should be discovered.

There was much excitement in the city. One of the police thought it best to break open the door and see what could be discovered; but his advice was overruled.

Some time after dark the following evening, the watch discovered the burglars unlock the door and descend, bearing a large trunk.

The news soon spread, and a strong police force assembled on the sidewalk at the entrance to this room.

"Let us pack up as soon as possible and be off, for the city is an uproar," remarked Smith.

"I suppose so. What do you say to putting our gold money into the rosewood box?"

"It will be a good plan," replied Wilson; "it will be as safe there as in any place; but we must put the box into the trunk."

"Certainly; that mustn't be seen," replied Wilson; for the papers have given an account of the articles stolen."

"Hush!" whispered Smith; "I thought I heard footsteps at the door!"

"There may be some boys there," said Wilson.

A knocking was now heard on the door, which greatly alarmed them.

"Be silent as death!" whispered Smith, listening with intense anxiety. "They are not boys, I fear. See that your revolver is in order! We must not be taken alive out of this place!"

Their revolvers were looked to, and their hands ready for any emergency.

The knocking continued louder and louder, and men's voices were heard.

"They are upon us!" whispered Smith; "put the box under your arm; don't let us lose that. The silver plate may go to the devil. We must fight our way out of this place and escape."

"Open the door!" said one upon the outside.

No response was heard from within. The burglars stood silent, and prepared for the worst. The blows upon the door now came heavier and faster.

"They're determined to break into this place," whispered Smith; "and there seems to be a score of them too; some of them must bite the dust before they can enter here."

"They will enter, and that shortly too," replied Wilson, clenching his revolver with a nervous grasp.

"I fear it!" exclaimed Smith; "be firm, and not fire at random!"

Crash went a part of the door, and crack went one barrel of Smith's revolver. The ball passed through the hole in the door, and the foremost man was slightly wounded.

"Down with the door!" shouted several voices.

A few more heavy blows and a free passage was made, and some dozen men rushed into the room.

There was a loud cracking of pistols, and two men fell. Smith received a blow upon the head which levelled him,

and three more fastened upon Wilson. After a severe struggle, the death of one man and the wounding of four others, the burglars and their booty were secured. Smith recovered from the blow he received upon his head, and attempted to rise with his revolver in his hand; but he was pressed down by superior force and bound.

The burglars were conveyed to the Tombs and locked up, and the articles they had stolen and a large amount of money were secured. It was a terrible struggle; but the right triumphed.

CHAPTER XIV.

Man's Duplicity. A Mock Marriage. Strong Suspicions. The Rich Dandy. A warning to Our Sex, &c.

The night on which the Colonel had so vividly pictured our forthcoming marriage, was a restless one; and when I arose to make my morning toilet my nerves were greatly deranged, and I felt not much refreshed. Yet my spirits were buoyant and my general health good; therefore the lack of sleep for one night could not much weaken me or change my general appearance.

Not long after I had eaten my breakfast Colonel Beaufort made his appearance. He was unusually smiling, pleasant and affectionate. He greeted me with a kiss, and said he had made arrangements for the celebration of our nuptials, and appointed the time.

"What time?" I anxiously inquired, feeling somewhat surprised at so early a visit from him.

"The coming evening at seven o'clock," he replied; "I cannot postpone the ceremony any longer without doing violence to my own feelings."

"So soon!" I said, gazing up into his smiling face and looking surprised.

"Yes, dear Ellen; I have thought it is best to be married to-night, and have our wedding garments made afterwards. You have a dress good enough for the occasion, because I shall not attempt to make

any display now; but we can dress up and have a sort of second day wedding in the course of a week or two. Besides, dear Ellen, it is a true saying that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. And I have a desire that you may appear at our wedding very nearly as you did when I first saw you; for that was the moment when my heart told me it had found its true mate. Yes, Ellen, it was love at first sight!"

Now all that appeared quite reasonable to me, and I readily assented to his proposition. I was willing to be married in a common dress, provided I could have a handsome wardrobe afterwards; and that he had promised.

I do not deny that I was very fond of dress. Proud I was and desirous to make a show in the world. Riches had their influence upon me, young as I was. And it is possible that, if I had not thought Colonel Beaufort had an abundance of money, he might not have had so much influence over me. From my first acquaintance with him I imagined he was rolling in wealth, and would buy everything my heart desired! Alas! how much the love of money has to do with marriage contracts! Girls are bargained for, bought and sold like stocks at the brokers' boards. But matches made on such a basis often destroy the happiness of both parties, and especially when riches take wings and fly away. Then the foundation is gone, and the bottom drops out.

But I will pursue the thread of my narrative, and leave generalities to be discussed hereafter.

Evening came, and a carriage was driven up to the door of my boarding house. My heart beat when I saw the Colonel step from the carriage and ring the door bell. I was expecting him, and so was Madame Titford, for she was to accompany us to the residence of the minister who was to officiate on the occasion.

Soon we entered the carriage, and were

driven through several streets, the names of which I did not know. At length the carriage stopped in front of a large brick house, and we alighted and entered, the Colonel leading the way, and conducting me up the stone steps.

We were ushered by a colored servant into a richly furnished parlor. The room was well lighted, and the Colonel seated me upon a sofa. He took a seat by my side, and Madame Titford sank into a large rocking chair.

We did not wait long before a gentleman entered, assuming to be the priest who was to officiate on the occasion. He was very polite.

The Colonel and Madame Titford appeared to be acquainted with him. I was introduced to him by the Colonel.

"I suppose you know our business," said the Colonel, bowing and smiling.

"I do, I conclude," replied the priest, looking me full in the face, and then turning his eyes upon the Colonel. "I am happy, Colonel, to know that you have at last found a lady whom you can love with your whole heart. In the course of your pilgrimage through the world you have seen thousands of ladies of great beauty and accomplishments, but never one who suited your fancy in every particular until you providentially met this young lady in the eastern country. I wonder not at your being smitten at last, and no doubt you and your bride will spend a happy life in the holy bonds of wedlock. You will now please to rise up and join hands."

We did so; and then the priest read a prayer from a book he held in his hand. He read very well; and his voice was deep and musical. That my heart fluttered the reader need not be told. It did beat violently against my sides so that I could distinctly count its pulsations.

The Colonel was calm and collected, and listened attentively to the prayers as the priest read it. The words sank deep into my soul, and I wondered if mother's

spirit was allowed to witness the ceremony.

From the same book the priest read over the form of words which made us man and wife.

The ceremony being over, wine was passed round by the colored servant whose ebony face was full of smiles.

All appeared to be very cheerful and full of talk but me. I felt sad, and yet I was glad the nuptials had been celebrated, for I loved the Colonel and believed I had a kind, pleasant, agreeable and rich husband. We did not remain long at this house after the ceremony, but rode back my boarding house.

Madame Titford congratulated me upon my good fortune as we rode along, and appeared anxious to make me happy.

Just as we were entering the house I notice Augustus Fairchild standing in the hall conversing with a gaily dressed female who was full of talk and smiles. As the Colonel and I passed the young man he advanced a step towards me, and placing his mouth near my ear, whispered, "A false marriage. He has a wife, and daughters, too, as old as you are."

As this young fellow whispered in my ear I involuntarily halted, or rather slackened my pace, while the Colonel seemed to hurry me along. It was a singular demonstration on the part of the young man, and it made a deep impression on me at that moment. The Colonel seemed somewhat agitated although he made strong efforts to conceal his feelings, and I'm sure I endeavored to conceal mine. There was a kind of mystery about it that somewhat troubled me. But it evidently troubled the Colonel more than it did me, for he better knew what the young man might say than I did. He passed up the stairs and entered our room, which to me then was a bridal chamber.

"What did that impudent dandy say to you?" he asked, after we were seated on a sofa.

I told him frankly what the young man did say. The announcement seemed for

a moment to disturb his nerves, and his countenance wore a peculiar expression.

Soon, however, he recovered his accustomed equilibrium, and said, "The young scoundrel! I'll chastise him for such impudence. I think the fellow must be in liquor. No doubt he is, or he would not venture to approach you and make such false assertions."

"It seemed very strange and mysterious to me," I replied.

He questioned me very closely whether I had ever seen him before. I told him I had been introduced to him in the parlor, but never had much conversation with him. We had considerable talk upon the subject, and he seemed to be more deeply interested in the matter than I thought he ought to be, although he made every effort to conceal his emotions from me.

Morning came, and my husband took breakfast with me. He was very cheerful, or endeavored to appear so. He said many pleasant things at the table, promising to remove to a more splendid mansion at some future day, where I should have servants and be mistress of the household. His remarks were flattering, and I felt as if there was a brilliant life before me. And yet it is true that the words of Augustus Fairchild were vivid in my memory.

Madame Titford exhibited her curiosity to know what the young man whispered in my ear; for she, too, saw him advance and whisper something at the time we entered the house on our return from the wedding.

Soon after breakfast, the Colonel having left, she came into my room and appeared to have something on her mind to communicate. I soon ascertained what it was.

"I noticed last evening Augustus Fairchild had something to say to you," she said; "he is a very clever fellow, but peculiar in his way; he has inherited a very large property; I suppose he is one of the most wealthy young men in all the city."

"I think he must have been intoxicated," I said.

"I suppose, like most of our young bloods, he drinks freely and spends his money generously," she replied; "I do not think he was much intoxicated last evening unless it was with your beauty. He is dead in love with you. I have never seen a young man so completely intoxicated with beauty as he is. You might have had him for a husband if Col. Beaufort had not been in the way. He is much younger than the Colonel, and has much more money. And by the way, what did he whisper to you last evening?"

At first I hesitated to tell her; but finally I did communicate to her the very words he uttered.

She smiled, but did not appear to be surprised. And that circumstance somewhat took me aback. There was evidently a mystery that I could not penetrate. And it is not very marvellous that there should, young as I was and so little acquainted with city life. An older and a more experienced person might, and probably would, have drawn the curtain aside and seen what was concealed behind it; but that power I did not possess at that time. If I had, my life would have been quite different from what it has been, and these pages never would have been written.

I had passed nearly a week of married life, but my husband did not spend but a small portion of the time with me, either in the night or the day time; but he always had some very plausible excuse for his absence. Important business sometimes in the city and sometimes out generally furnished the basis for his excuses.

One afternoon I was sitting in the parlor alone, when Augustus Fairchild entered. I thought it strange that he was allowed to be with me without the presence of the mistress of the house; for she had previously been very watchful and careful to be present herself when any gentleman was near.

The young man appeared very well, and was far from being intoxicated. True, his eyes were fastened upon me in a fixed gaze, and he appeared to be much interested about something, but what I did not know.

"Excuse me," he said, as he entered the room, bowing and smiling, "for asking myself into your presence. Knowing you were here, I came purposely to see you. You remember what I said to you a few evenings ago."

"I do well remember it," I replied; "but I trust and believe you were much mistaken in what you said. Surely it cannot be true. If it be I am forever ruined."

"Not forever ruined!" he quickly replied, stooping towards me and looking very anxious. "Not forever ruined, I trust! I did whisper to you the words of truth. The gentleman who pretends to be your husband is the husband of another woman! Besides, he has two daughters nearly grown up!"

"Is that possible?" I anxiously inquired, feeling some strange misgivings, and gazing intently into his face.

"True as the gospel!" he replied; "I know his wife and daughters; his name is not Colonel Beaufort!"

"And what is his name?" I quickly demanded.

"James Turner," he replied. "He is the keeper of a saloon in Broadway, where drinking and gambling are the principal business. He has made some money and is quite fond of angling; but he is by no means what I call a rich man!"

I made no reply, and my emotions were violent; for I partially believed him; and yet I hoped he had uttered only falsehoods.

"You seem agitated, and no wonder," continued Augustus Fairchild, after promenading about the room for a few moments. "I can prove to you all I have said, and show you the house in which he lives. The man who married you is not

a priest but an accomplished gambler, and therefore your marriage is not legal. He has deceived you; and I can prove the truth of all I have said about him."

"How can you prove it?" I anxiously inquired.

"By the woman who keeps the house," he replied; "she knows him just as well as I do; but perhaps she will not say as much. Go with me at any time and I will show you his house and his family if you are disposed to see them. Discard him as a false hearted man, and I will protect you. I have thousands where he has not hundreds."

I told him I could hear no more at that time, but might wish to see him again at some future day.

He left; and I hastened away to find Mrs. Tetford. I called her up into my room, and then related to her all the young man had told me.

She did not appear to be in the least surprised; and I wondered at it. I asked her if all was true.

Her answer was that she did not know but would make inquiries. She presumed young Fairchild would not absolutely lie. "You must ask him who pretends to be your husband," she said. "I have never had much acquaintance with him; but the young man, I think, knows him. Perhaps the Colonel, as he calls himself, will wish to take you to some other boarding house; but I would not go until you find out more about him. And if he has deceived you, young Fairchild will become your devoted friend as now he is your most ardent admirer. Be sure, dear, and not leave my house, and I will try to assist you in your troubles."

Troubles indeed! I began to feel the spirit of revenge; and was determined to unravel the mystery if it were possible to be done.

CHAPTER XV.

**The Vile Procuress. Another Victim.
How Such Things are Done.**

In a great city like New York it is a

uncommon occurrence for the daughters of drunken parents to be led astray by vile, heartless women. Such dark deeds are often done in the city.

Good, virtuous people lament that the drunkard's habitation is not unfrequently the recruiting house of brothels. Even young girls, scarcely out of their teens, are sometimes stolen away, and oftener, indeed, bargained for by vile women, and early trained to a life of prostitution and vice.

These poor girls are made unhappy at home by the intemperance and consequent poverty and wretchedness of their parents; and these poor creatures are, therefore, willing to make changes in their manner of life and leave their parents.

There are women, and men, too, in this wicked city who are continually upon the lookout and searching for such victims. The handsomest ones are sought first; and sometimes those are taken whose appearance and looks are not very prepossessing in the hope that training, together with gay apparel, will fit them for the hellish uses of which they are designed to be appropriated by their own sex.

Clara Lawrence had been purchased—as I afterwards learned—by Madame Tetford for this abominable business. She was very handsome. Her mother, too, had been very beautiful; but, alas! that monster, drink, had long since erased all beauty from her countenance.

The form of Clara, at the time of her introduction to the reader, was voluptuous and enticing in the extreme; her very movements graceful and easy; her features finely chiselled; eyes very dark and brilliant; her hair, dark chestnut; her teeth beautifully formed and of pearly whiteness; her hands and feet small, and her neck and shoulders faultless.

Such was the new victim!

Madame Tetford, from the very first moment that she saw this lovely girl, was well convinced that she would be a very

valuable addition to her establishment, so well was she versed in her unrighteous calling.

Clara's hair naturally curled, and it fell adown her neck in rich clusters. These beautiful curls first attracted the attention of this vile woman, and induced her to examine further the great beauty and attractive charms of this poor young girl—another victim to man's passion and woman's avarice!

Clara had far more than an ordinary share of intellectual power and brightness, and her spirits were naturally buoyant and cheerful.

Poverty and the degrading and demoralizing habits of her parents—who were both drunkards—had somewhat checked the flow of her animal spirits, and cast a dark shadow over her otherwise happy and expressive countenance.

In the estimation of many, however, this added to her beauty.

Clara well knew the power intoxicating drinks exercised over her parents, and she often wept in secret over their misfortune.

Before her mother had become such an inebriate, she had always given Clara good advice, and cautioned her against the many vices and temptations of city life.

Clara's mother was naturally a good woman, and under more favorable circumstances would have been highly esteemed and respected for her many virtues, her personal charms and mental brightness; but the curse of intemperance had spread a mildew over her soul and blunted her moral faculties.

Like many a woman, she had been unfortunate in the choice of a husband; but she was not to blame for that; for when he was a young man, and waited upon her in the character of a lover, he promised fair to make a kind husband, a man of business and a useful and influential member of society.

They were both ambitious, and started in life with strong hopes of success in the

world; and their longings and desires for wealth would have been gratified but for intoxicating drink.

Some few years after their marriage, and when Clara was about seven years of age, Mr. Lawrence met with a heavy loss of property, for which he had toiled and worked hard for many years.

This misfortune drove the unfortunate man to drink!

The poor wife struggled with him for a long time, and endeavored to persuade him to leave off the habit of drinking; but all her efforts proved unavailing and useless.

And now comes the most touching scene of all.

The poor, heartbroken wife became discouraged, and commenced taking the intoxicating draught herself.

Previous to their misfortune they were respected and happy.

Clara, their first born, was much beloved by her parents, until liquor had destroyed parental affection.

Clara was a lively girl until this heavy misfortune—intemperance—had blighted her prospects and nearly ruined her parents.

When Clara was thus bargained for and sold, she did not know what life it was intended she should lead; if she had known, she would not have consented to leave her parents, miserable and unhappy as she was at home.

The principles which her mother in earlier life had instilled into her mind had not been forgotten.

Mrs. Lawrence was not fully aware of the whole truth in relation to the bargain and sale of her daughter; yet she had suspicions that all was not right.

Liquor had degraded her soul and very nearly destroyed her moral sensibilities; still there were times when she seriously reflected upon the course she was pursuing, and resolved on a reformation at some future day.

But, alas! how feeble are human re-

solves when the night of despair has gathered round and settled upon the soul! Dark clouds hung over her, and she could see no bright star to lead her on. The future was dark and gloomy; and the present was only tolerable when she was under the influence of artificial stimulants, and when thought was completely and thoroughly silenced.

Such was the condition of this unhappy mother when she consented to sell her daughter to obtain the means by which she could procure the damning stuff to plunge her deeper and deeper into the vortex of ruin, despair and eternal infamy.

The vile procuress who had obtained possession of Clara was a woman of great skill and adroitness in her wicked calling as the reader has already discovered. She was a fine looking woman, and her appearance was well calculated to deceive the unwary.

The house this woman occupied was her own, and richly furnished throughout—it was purchased by the wages of sin and the blackest enormities.

This vile woman looked upon all men as corrupt, and believed every woman had her price.

There was no wonder that she believed in the last mentioned doctrine when she looked in upon her own corrupt soul; and no one can be surprised that she viewed men through such a medium, when he reflects upon the character of those persons with whom she associated, and who patronized and sustained her in her degrading soul-ruining business.

When she purchased Clara, she was rich, and able to ride in her own carriage and keep her coachman. And those who were not acquainted with her supposed she belonged to the aristocracy of the city; and that idea was not very far from the truth, for she had the aristocratic and rich men for associates.

She possessed more money even than some of her aristocratic customers. She

did not give parties and associate with the wives of her customers, but she very often had the honor—if honor it could be called—of being in the company of their husbands.

As this mean specimen of womankind rode home to her abode of sin with poor Clara, she was all attention, love and affection to the girl, and made many and minute inquiries in relation to the history of her parents, and how many brothers and sisters she had.

All these questions Clara answered with readiness, and expressed much sorrow at being compelled to leave her beloved parents.

"I'm quite as sorry as you are, Clara, that your parents are so intemperate," said this vile woman. "I think it will be the better way for you not to visit them for sometime to come. To visit them would only add to your unhappiness and would do them no good. In fact I think it might do them injury. I will occasionally inquire after them, and perhaps see them, so that you must content yourself to stay with me and not run about the city."

"Oh, I shall not desire to run about the city," replied Clara. "I have done quite as much of that as I wish to do. Oh, I have been a beggar girl for more than three years!"

This girl was silent for some minutes, and the procuress made no reply, for she was at a loss what to say.

"Oh, madame, I fear my sisters will suffer for food now I've left them," she said, while the tears stood trembling in her dark eyes. "My father spends all he can get for liquor."

"I gave your father some money; and I will see your sisters shall not want for something to eat; besides, I will try and provide places for them."

"Father and mother will get intoxicated, and I shall not be there to take care of them and my little sisters," said Clara. "When father has money they always have

liquor, and then they drink until they are drunk. If you could provide places for them I should feel more contented than I do now."

"I will try to do so," said this vile and depraved creature.

They soon reached the house which was to be Clara's future home.

The rooms were lighted with gas, and several girls, dressed in showy fabrics, were to be seen passing to and fro. They gazed upon Clara as she followed the mistress through the hall to her private apartments.

"By heavens!" exclaimed one of the girls, "Madame has picked up another poor girl in the streets."

"Yes; but she has a fine form and an expressive countenance," said another of the group of females. "Madame will dress her up so that she will be ahead of any of us!"

"I wonder who she can be," said another girl; "it appears to me that I have seen those curls of hair before."

"Perhaps you may; for I dare say she belonged to the begging tribe and has been often in the streets. Did you not notice how she turned her black, piercing eyes upon us?"

"Yes; and if I'm not mistaken Madame has got a hard case this time."

"I hope she has; but she is a handsome one."

The door bell rang, and these vile creatures fled—some to a sitting room and others to their chambers.

The person who entered was well dressed, and seemed no stranger to the establishment.

Madame soon made her appearance, and greeted the gentleman with great affability.

After the usual compliments were gone through with, the mistress led the way to a room adjoining that in which she had left Clara.

"Any fresh arrivals?" inquired the new comer

"Yes."

"Oh, let me see her!"

"Not so fast, sir!" said this vile woman.

"Why not—why keep me in this torturing suspense?"

"Keep cool, and I will tell you all about this new arrival," said this vile woman. "She is the girl of whom I spoke to you about. She is a most beautiful creature as I have seen for many a day."

"Oh, then you have obtained her at last, and I suppose at a great cost of time and money," he said, smiling.

"I can't equal you," she said, laughing heartily.

"Yes, you far excel me," he returned. "You have made more money in the last year than I have. Your prices never change, except upwards. But enough of this. Let me see the new comer, and judge of her wonderful beauty. Come, I am in a hurry!"

"She's not in a state to be seen," said this vile woman; "she has not even shoes upon her feet."

"Indeed! Well, then, let me see the barefooted beauty before you rig her out and paint her up; I must see her just as she is."

"You can't; the girl would be frightened."

"Nonsense!" said this man; "these girls are not so easily frightened; how old is she?"

"Fifteen!"

Now this woman intended to show the girl on certain conditions.

"A splendid age!" he said.

"Yes, and she is a most lovely girl!" exclaimed this vile creature, smiling and looking at him.

"I must see her just as she is, and then I can judge for myself. Now where is she?"

"In an adjoining room."

"Let me see her."

"As you seem to be so anxious to see her and so afraid of being taken in, I will

introduce you to her on one express condition."

"Name it."

"That you make no advances towards her at this time. She must be trained before you or any other man can see her. She is a virtuous girl, and I'm not certain she can be conquered."

"I comply with your conditions," said this heartless man.

She conducted him into the room, and was introduced to Clara.

He was struck with her great personal beauty, and offered no insult to her that evening.

Clara behaved herself exceedingly well, and appeared modest and unassuming, as she really was.

He did not stay long, but took his departure, with the determination to effect the ruin of this innocent and virtuous girl for the gratification of his own base passions.

But I must turn to other scenes connected with my eventful life; and trace, step by step, my truthful narrative of my experience of city life—experience which may, perhaps, tend to warn my own sex against the vices of city life.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Power of Love. New Scenes and Stirring Incidents.

The Colonel did not visit me on the evening following the interview I had with young Fairchild, and the night was almost a sleepless one.

I began to think that he had already left me, and my chilled blood crept coldly about my heart.

Madame Tetford endeavored to keep my spirits up; but I would not be reconciled so long as the Colonel was absent from me.

Sometimes it appeared to me that young Fairchild had spoken the truth; and yet I was reluctant to believe evil of him whom I still clung to.

The following days were cloudy ones to me. Scarcely a ray of sunshine illumined

ed my path, and my prospects for the future were dark and dismal.

The words the young man had uttered had fastened themselves upon my mind, and I could not with all my determination shake them off.

Time passed away slowly for me. Old recollections pressed upon my soul, and I almost wished for my happy home on the Androscoggin.

Darkness had fallen upon the city, and I sat gazing upon the crowds passing and repassing, and listening to hear the ring of the door bell.

My heart beat violently, and every moment I expected the Colonel would return.

Occasionally tears would come unbidden into my eyes, and I would wipe them away.

A thousand conflicting thoughts rushed into my mind, and the night of despair began to gather over my soul.

What if he had abandoned me? Suppose he never visited me again, or if he did, it was only to bid me a final adieu! These questions pressed upon my soul and agitated my mind, and sorrow and madness fell upon my heart.

For some time I sat pondering on the past, and trying to penetrate the veil that hung between me and the future.

At length I heard footsteps upon the doorsteps, and the door bell rang. I ran down stairs, opened the door, and was soon in the arms of the Colonel.

Oh, how many thoughts and emotions were crowded into that moment!

"I feared you wouldn't come!" I faintly said.

"And why, dear Ellen, do you indulge such fears?" he inquired, as he pressed me to his heart.

"I can hardly tell; but they crowd upon my mind and make me feel unhappy," I replied.

We now proceeded to my chamber and sat down side by side.

My heart was pleased to be with him;

but the words of young Fairchild were fresh in my mind and made me sad and sorrowful. I hoped they were not true—nay, I believed they were false, and uttered only to torment me; still I thought there was a possibility of their being true, and that thought troubled me very much and made me feel sad.

"You have been well, I hope," he said, pressing me to his heart, and looking fondly into my eyes.

"Yes, I have been well; but what feelings have pressed my heart!" I said, in an excited tone.

"Dear Ellen, why do you make such an exclamation?" he asked. "It makes me feel bad. Do be cheerful and happy, as I am when with you."

"But how can I when such strange suspicions cross my mind?"

"What suspicions?" he asked.

"For heaven's sake, tell me, if your name is James Turner!"

Suddenly he raised his head from my shoulder—his countenance changed, and for a moment trembled; but he soon recovered himself, and smiling, said, quite coolly,—

"What in the world did you ask such a question for?"

"I heard that was your real name," I replied.

"James Turner my name!" he repeated. "Now that is the last thing I have heard."

"Is it not true, then?" I inquired, in a trembling voice.

"Oh, no, dear Ellen. What could have put that into your head?" he asked, as he pressed me to his bosom.

But I gently disengaged myself from his loving embrace.

He appeared surprised.

"Ellen," he said, "what suspicions have you in regard to me?"

I looked upon him and said:—

"Have you not a wife and daughters?" I asked.

Again he started. In spite of his self-control he seemed confounded.

My suspicions were awakened, and I felt sick at heart.

Never had I felt such a heavy burden upon my soul as at that moment.

It seemed to me that all was lost, and that I must become a shame and a reproach to my sex.

Revenge seemed to take possession of my soul.

He soon recovered from the embarrassment in which my inquiry had thrown him, and he began to laugh most heartily, and to throw ridicule upon the whole affair.

"Did ever any one hear such stuff?" he said. "My wife and daughters! Oh, what nonsense!"

Again he laughed most immoderately. "But who told you such a strange story, dear Ellen?"

Again he laughed heartily at the singular idea, as he called it.

At length I told him young Fairchild was my author.

"But where did you see him?" he inquired.

"He came to this house a short time ago," I replied.

"How did he know that you were here?"

"I do not know," I replied.

"Did he offer any insult to you, Ellen?" he asked.

"None." But he said your name is James Turner; that you have a wife and daughter, and that you are the greatest old libertine in the city."

He seemed much agitated.

At length, becoming somewhat composed, he said,—

"If I had been here I should have choked the breath from his body; if I should meet him he shall smart for meddling in my affairs."

"Oh, do not injure him; for then they will imprison you, and we should be separated," I said.

"That, dear Ellen, is the only reason why I should not kill him. But for you I would now pursue him."

And he imprinted a kiss upon my lips and pressed me fondly to his heart.

And what conflicting thoughts and feelings pressed my heart at that moment—love, hatred and revenge!

"Then all that young Fairchild uttered were falsehoods?" I asked, beginning to believe that he had uttered nothing but lies.

"To be sure they were," he said, at the same time imprinting a warm kiss upon my lips.

I felt somewhat relieved.

"Oh, he is a bad young man," said the Colonel.

He tried to make me believe that what young Fairchild had uttered was false, but how far he succeeded in his endeavors the reader shall judge for himself.

The Colonel now took his leave.

I need not tell the fair reader the real state of my feelings on his departure. I felt sad and oppressed, in my feelings, and of some impending misfortune.

But I must hurry on with this history as I have much to unfold yet; and which my sex, I trust, will profit by.

CHAPTER XVII.

Suspicious Multiply. Clouds Grow Darker. A Storm Approaches. The Mock Marriage Proved.

The reader will readily observe that I did not get much satisfaction from the housekeeper. My suspicions began to be more fully aroused that I had been sadly betrayed.

Yet I was reluctant to believe that he who seemed to love me so ardently and treat me so tenderly could be the heartless villain young Fairchild represented him to be.

Oh, how I needed a true friend of my own sex with whom I could advise under the pressure of existing circumstances, but I had none; and my battles I had to fight alone.

My husband ought to be my friend, but if what the young man said about him

be true, he was the worst enemy I had in the world.

Night again came, but my husband did not.

I was greatly alarmed, fearing some accident had happened to him. Heavily passed the hours while I was sitting up and waiting for him.

About ten o'clock Madame Tetford came up to my room, for she knew the Colonel had not come.

She was very pleasant and unusually amiable. I was in tears, and for the first time since I had become a resident of New York.

"Why those tears?" she asked, apparently with much feeling and sympathy in her manner.

"He has not come!" was my reply.

"Perhaps some important business has detained him," she said; "but never mind if he does not come again at all. You will find in Augustus Fairchild a more devoted friend and a more ardent lover, Ellen."

"Never mind," I repeated, looking through my tears at her unmoved face. "Never mind! What mean those words? They pierce my soul like iron! What clouds encompass me! Speak and tell me, if you know aught that would harm me! I am young and alone in the world! I have no mother to advise me! And surely you must have sympathy for one of your own sex when she is in trouble and needs assistance!"

"Indeed I have," she coolly replied. "If the Colonel proves a heartless man I will assist you in obtaining a better one. As I have told you before, I have but a small acquaintance with the Colonel; but I have supposed he was a rich and honorable man. I may be mistaken; for New York is full of strange characters. But I do know Augustus Fairchild; and a fine young man he is, too. I suppose his father left him more than a half a million of dollars. You will see that I am willing to befriend you."

Such was the consolation I received from this woman. But I did not at that time understand her character. She was a mystery to me.

I passed a sleepless night, and during its silent watches I felt the rising of a new power within me.

I said that if Colonel Beaufort was a traitor and a villain I would be revenged in some way.

That spirit I had never felt before in its full force. No one could be farther removed from such a fell spirit than I always had been. I scarcely knew that such a passion ever troubled the human heart; but now I found it within me, and only waiting for the occurrence of certain circumstances to develop it and give it full play.

Not long after breakfast my pretended husband came.

He found me less cheerful than usual, and endeavored to cheer me up by kisses and sweet words.

He partially succeeded; and yet there was a heavy load upon my heart.

"Still thinking of the stories you have heard about me!" said my pretended husband.

"Yes, they still worry and perplex my heart," I replied. "Do tell me if your real name is James Turner!" I asked, in a tremulous voice.

He started as if a sharp instrument had been thrust into him; but as suddenly he recovered and smiled.

"Still harping upon that string yet!" he said.

"And you do not keep a drinking and gambling saloon on Broadway, do you?" I repeated, before he had time to say any more.

He now started worse than ever, and even his countenance changed.

Had I been older and more experienced I might have read him then like a book; but I was deficient in such knowledge, and of course he had the advantage of me.

Soon he assumed his wonted calmness, and said,—

"So you have had an interview with that dandy, young Fairchild."

"Why should you ask such a question?" I said, watching him narrowly.

"Because I think he is just the fellow to tell such things to you," he replied. "He is an enemy to me, and his father before him. Dear Ellen don't believe one word he says, and never speak to him again, if you love me."

I frankly acknowledged the young man had told me these things; but the Colonel denied them all in the most earnest manner—so earnest that I was induced to believe him. Yet I had doubts and misgivings.

He informed me that he should soon remove me to a more splendid house, and warned me not to leave my chamber, or see any man, young or old. He did not remain long.

Soon after he left the housekeeper came to my room, and seemed to be somewhat excited, more so than I had ever seen her; for she is usually calm, collected, pleasant and even amiable when she was disposed to be

"It is as I feared!" she said, as she entered my room. "The Colonel, or James Turner, or whatever his name is, has informed me that he will remove you to some other boarding house to-morrow."

"So soon!" I said, in much surprise.

"Yes, to-morrow!" she replied. "But don't you stir one inch until you find out what his real character is. I begin to believe Fairchild has told the truth about him. He will be here to-day, and some plan must be devised by which we can find out his true character."

"I should be glad to," I responded, while tears started from my eyes and ran down my cheeks.

"I will do all in my power to assist you," she said. "Oh, the villain! If he is a married man and has a family we will find out this very day!"

She appeared much interested in my welfare, and my confidence in her increased; while, in my pretended husband, it began to diminish.

Her feelings towards the Colonel appeared to have very much changed; but as yet I was ignorant of what caused that change.

In the afternoon Augustus Fairchild visited the house, and devised some plan to see me.

The housekeeper advised me to have an interview with him, in spite of the command of my pretended husband had given me in relation to the matter.

She said the young man had something very important to communicate which might be of much value to me.

I consented; and the interview took place in the parlor. A portion of the time Madame Tetford was present, and ready to give her advice.

He reiterated all he had told me before, and was willing to take his oath that all was true. And in addition he offered to procure a carriage and convey me to the house in which my pretended husband lived.

The housekeeper urged me to do so. I finally consented. It was an exciting time for me, and my struggles were severe.

During our drive to the house the young man was very attentive, and treated me in a becoming manner, assuring me that my marriage was false and illegal, and promising to protect me under any circumstances that might happen.

He seemed to be much interested in me, and avowed his love in the strongest terms.

It was agreed that I should enter the house and see the family, if possible the head of it, while he was to remain in the carriage.

Oh, what emotions agitated my heart as I walked up to the door and rang the bell!

The summons was soon answered by a very well dressed and handsome girl, who was very polite.

"Does Mr. Turner reside here?" I inquired, feeling a power rising within me to meet the occasion.

"He does," she replied; "will you walk in?"

"I thank you," I answered, walking in and taking a seat in a well furnished parlor.

"Father is not in now, but will be soon," she said, gazing upon me and wondering what my business could be with him.

"Then Mr. Turner is your father?" I said.

"He is!" she replied, still keeping her eyes fastened upon me.

At that moment I happened to turn my eyes upon two portraits that hung on the wall. One of them was a perfect likeness of my pretended husband. I gazed upon it for an instant and then cast down my eyes, and repressed my emotions with all the power that was within me.

I succeeded much better than I expected. An unseen power seemed to sustain me in that trying moment.

"You are not unwell, are you?" she inquired, noticing the effect the portrait had upon me.

"Oh, no," I replied. "Sometimes I have a slight palpitation of the heart; but it is soon over. I suppose these portraits are taken for your parents?"

"They were," she replied. "Have you ever seen my father?"

"I have seen a man who very much resembles that portrait," I answered; "but he calls himself Colonel Beaufort."

At that moment the mother entered the room and gazed upon me most anxiously.

She was a fine looking woman, but apparently in feeble health. A kind of gloom overshadowed her face, and her nerves seemed to be weak and trembling.

She did not speak when she first entered the room, but fastened her deep blue eyes upon me in a fixed gaze.

"Did you wish to see Mr. Turner?" asked the wife, in a voice that told that something was gnawing at her heart.

"I called to see a gentleman calling himself Colonel Beaufort," I replied.

"Colonel Beaufort!" she repeated. "Colonel Beaufort! I know no such man. Does he resemble that portrait?"

"Most perfectly," I replied. "It appears to be very mysterious. Can it be that your husband has introduced himself to me as Colonel Beaufort?"

"Heaven only knows!" exclaimed the almost heartbroken wife. "When did you first become acquainted with him?"

"Down East," I replied, looking at her agitated countenance, and feeling pity for her.

"Down East!" she repeated, in broken accents. "Down East! Oh, my God!"

Before she could say more, the outside door opened and the heartless husband entered.

His wife was sobbing aloud. He heard her, and quickly entered the parlor.

I sat so far back that he did not at once discover me; but went to his wife and inquired what the matter was.

"See there!" she exclaimed, pointing her trembling finger towards me.

He looked up and saw me. Such a sudden change as came over his face I never witnessed before. And such an expression of countenance! I fixed my eyes upon him in a burning gaze, while the mother and daughter trembled as if they would drop in pieces. He endeavored to control his feelings; but for the moment that mastery which he usually exercised over himself seemed to be gone, and he, too, trembled. Soon, however, he recovered his power, and attempted to face the circumstances in which my presence placed him, with a bold front. But the task was a more difficult one than any he had ever been

called upon to perform. For a few moments there was silence in the room. That silence I broke with a firm, clear, distinct voice ere he had time to speak and attempt an explanation.

"Heartless man!" I exclaimed, stepping forward and confronting him; for I felt strong and determined. "Heartless man!" I repeated. "You have ruined me—destroyed the peace of your own family and damned your own soul!"

I know not how it was but I seemed nerved for the occasion. I never had such feelings, and never uttered such words. It seemed that all at once a new power was born in me. I no longer loved but hated him. I had a clear view of his depraved heart, and the spirit of revenge took possession of my soul; and, therefore, I was resolved that his family should know all. A moment's silence, and he attempted to reply; but, before he could, I exclaimed, in a still louder voice, "Villain, speak not! Keep silence, and hear me! Our marriage was a false one, and he who officiated at the altar was a gambler!"

"Marriage!" sobbed the weeping, trembling wife; "marriage! Are you married?"

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the daughter, wringing her hands and hurrying out of the room.

"The mock ceremony was performed several days ago," I replied; "he perjured his own soul. It was a false ceremony. And thus he obtained his object—my ruin!"

The wife screamed and fell upon the floor, apparently dead. He was fearfully alarmed, and knew not which way to turn. The younger daughter now entered the room and shrieked, "Mother is dead!" The servant girl now came running into the room. She was colored, and somewhat advanced in years. She bent over the fallen woman, rubbing her temples and palms of her hands.

"Bring de camfire bottle," said the servant; "missus no be dead yet, but only faint; her nerves be weak; she hab a hard time ob it for a long time; de husband gone too much ob nights for poor missus' good."

That seemed to me to be very plain talk, coming as it did from a colored servant in the master's own house. The husband seemed to be almost paralyzed, having lost, for the time being, his self-control. I felt sorry for the wife and daughters, but not for him. At last he spoke, just as his wife had come to.

"I will clear all this up," he said; "there is some mistake here."

"No mistake, sir," I added; "I have spoken only the words of truth; but take care, sir, or you may yet suffer still more than you do now. I now know you. Would to heaven I had known you before it was too late!"

"Alas!" sobbed the wife, "that I should live to witness such a day as this!"

"Nebber mind, missus," said the servant; "de men be bad in dis city, and de wives don't all know it!"

I now left the house; but before I did so I told him to beware of the spirit of revenge that his conduct had awakened in my heart.

Soon I was in the carriage and on my way to my boarding house. Young Fairchild was impatient, having been so long boxed up in the carriage.

When I related to him what had happened, he was greatly rejoiced, and promised to take care of me and pay all expenses. In fact, he gave me a purse of gold, and told me to purchase what I might fancy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Further Developments. Intensely Exciting Scenes. Life in New York.

The reader of these pages may seem surprised that I had not yet learned the true character of the place in which I resided. In fact, everything was conducted with so much skill and cunning that I did not even suspect what the intelligent reader is quite sure of—that Madame Tetford was a bad woman and kept a disreputable house.

Weeks passed away ere I was allowed to see anything that might awaken suspicions in my breast. Persons, of both sexes, came and went; but I imagined that was the way in all boarding houses. The reader will also perceive that I was quite ignorant of many phases of life in a great city like New York. This is not to be wondered at, coming, as I did, from the banks of the Androscoggin, where I had been brought up in all the innocent enjoyments of country life.

Madame Tetford was a woman of art and skill in her infamous calling; but her passions were outrageous and terrible when aroused. Yet she always seemed pleasant to me. Pleasant! Yes, as pleasant as such a being could be.

But I must on with this history. One night I heard a great disturbance in my boarding house. Loud voices and quarrelling in the dead hours of the night. I arose from my bed and opened the door of my room so that I could hear what was going on. Such awful swearing I never heard before; and from the lips of my own sex! Loud above all the rest could be heard Madame Tetford's voice, uttering terrible oaths, which made my blood curdle in my very veins, and made the blood flow back from my heart—so appalled and horror-stricken was I at this new evidence of city life. Oh, how very different this from my youthful experience! But I must not allow myself to moralise; but hurry on with my experiences, sad and exciting as they are.

Thinking that I might be mistaken, I passed from my room to a place where I could hear more distinctly. But I was not mistaken. It was Madame's voice, angry and terrible above all the rest. I heard blows exchanged, as well as terrible swearing. It made me very nervous, and I listened intently to learn if I could hear my pretended husband's voice; but I heard it not. I thought he might be in the house.

But the reader cannot be told all that transpired on this eventful night, or be made acquainted with all this vile woman said and done on this occasion.

With a heart sick and faint, I retraced my steps, and locked myself in my room; but sleep would not visit my eyes nor slumber my eyelids, my nerves were so completely unstrung. Morning at length came, and I was glad to behold its light once more.

Young Fairchild soon came; but before he made his appearance, I saw Madame in the hall with her face sadly bruised; I saw that she was a wounded woman.

"There was a great disturbance last evening," I said; "there was a terrible noise of fighting and swearing; did you not hear it, or was you not in the house?"

"No, Ellen, I did not hear it, for I was not in the house last evening."

"Do you know what the trouble was? I am greatly alarmed to remain in a place where there is fighting and swearing."

"You shall not stay here much longer, for I will remove you to a more splendid boarding house. But the noise did not amount to much. Such things with occur in city boarding houses. Madame Tetford learned that one of her female boarders was a bad character, and had come home with her paramour, and she was determined to put her out of the house; that was all."

"Quite sufficient," I said; "but why was there so much swearing?"

"Girls like them will swear terribly," he said.

"But why did Madame Tetford swear so terribly?" I inquired, looking anxiously into his face and watching the movement of every muscle; for my suspicions were aroused that all was not right.

"Ellen," he said, "I think you were mistaken; I never knew her to swear. As you were aroused from sleep and frightened, you supposed you heard what you did not hear; was it not so, Ellen?"

"I am sure I was not mistaken; for I arose from my bed and passed out into the entry, where I could hear distinctly, and they were quite near me; besides, I saw Madame Tetford with her face bound up. There was a terrible fight last night; and I do not feel safe here."

"Ellen, you are needly alarmed," he said. "Madame is a good woman, and keeps a respectable house. But she is coming, and will, no doubt, explain all to you."

"I never had my poor nerves so shaken as they were last night," said this cunning woman. "One of my boarders proves to be a bad girl, and came home with a man. You may imagine my feelings. I never felt so in my life. I suspected her before; and last night was determined to detect her if she was guilty. Sure enough I did find her out. I discovered in her room a man! How excited I was. If anything in this world makes me angry it is such an occurrence as took place last night. You must have heard the noise. May Heaven forgive me for using such language. I never did before, and it now seems like a dream. But I was so very excited. The girl struck me in the eye, and hurt me very much. I was so excited I knew not what I said. It is terrible this keeping a boarding house in the city where so many bad people apply. It is next to impossible to keep clear of them. Oh, I blush for my sex. That girl seemed as well as any young lady I ever boarded at first, and completely deceived me; but such characters cannot deceive me long. I put her out of my house at

midnight, and she will never again enter it, I can assure you."

Having ended her speech, this vile woman sank upon a sofa much affected, to all appearances.

"There, Ellen, you have the whole affair," said the young man. "You were not so much mistaken after all as I supposed you were. I think I might have almost sworn myself if I had been placed in the same position."

I was somewhat quieted, and the affair passed off. Yet the scene, and the awful language used I could not forget. I remained in the house; but was more observant, and this woman was more cautious and cunning than ever.

I remained in my room until the afternoon was far advanced, and saw no one. My reflections were anything but pleasant. At length a carriage was driven up, and Madame Tetford alighted and entered the house. She had been gone some hours shopping. She immediately entered my room, carrying a small bundle.

"There," she said, handing me the bundle; "open it and see how you like it."

I opened the bundle, and found a handsome dress. I told her I liked it very much.

"I am glad to hear it," she said. "I did not know as I could suit you. I thought some of asking you to accompany me; but you appeared so fatigued that I concluded to make the purchase."

I did not entirely comprehend what she meant; she noticed that I was taken by surprise.

"That dress is for you," she continued. "Young Fairchild gave me the money and wished me to purchase it for you. This is barely a beginning of his generous and noble gifts. Richer and more costly apparel than this you will wear. Oh, you are indeed happy in having such a friend as young Fairchild."

"This for me?" I inquired, feeling much surprised.

"Yes, for you," she said; "I shall have it made up for you immediately; the

next dresses will be more rich and costly I can assure you."

"I am very sorry that he has ordered you to do this," I said.

"And why so?" she asked, gazing upon me in astonishment. "It is nothing for him to buy you fifty dresses; and you may consider yourself a very lucky girl; no one in the city is more so. Young Fairchild is determined that your wardrobe shall equal your great beauty."

"You flatter me too much," I replied; "it is more than I can bear; I'm not used to such things."

"Oh, I do not flatter you at all," she returned. "I am only saying what he told me this day. To-morrow the dress shall be made up. You are, indeed, a lucky girl!"

Young Fairchild is ambitious, and he means that you shall make a sensation when he takes you to promenade Broadway or to some place of amusement. He says your beauty will call for many inquiries concerning you. He understands human nature pretty well. Rich men in large cities are always striving after the handsomest wives; but it is different in the country. I once lived in the country myself. Beauty there is not so much thought of as it is here. Ah, Ellen, you will learn all about it one of these days. The wives of rich men have nothing to do but make a show in the world. I do not see why men have not a right thus to spend their money and enjoy themselves in so sensible a way."

"I am not at all calculated for such things," I replied; "not being used to mingle in such society I should appear very awkward."

"Not a bit of it," she answered; "you have the beauty, and that is the main thing; having that, you will soon learn to move in society. Your beautiful face will carry you any where. You will find everything I tell you to be true. I say, again, you are a very fortunate young lady."

Madame Tetford left me after indulging in this long story; and I heard her voice in another room; I could not distinguish what was said; but it appeared to me that there was some trouble.

"What is the trouble?" I inquired of one of the lady boarders.

"Some trouble with one of the girls, I suppose; I wish I was under some other roof," she said.

"But what is it?" I asked, trembling in every limb.

"I cannot tell you more now," she replied; "we must not be seen together; take care of yourself!"

She instantly left me, and stole up stairs as stealthily as a cat.

I went to my room and threw myself into a chair. I felt that all was shrouded in the deepest mystery; and I began to feel the same desire as the girl expressed: that is, to be under some other roof. The girl's warning, "take care of yourself!" again sounded more loudly in my ears than ever.

What could that girl mean by such an admonition! That question I kept asking myself.

The new dress lay on the bed where I had placed it out in order to have a better view of it; and although it was more beautiful than I had ever seen, yet I eyed it with a certain undefinable suspicion and dread—why, I could not tell.

Since the interview with the girl, I suspected almost everything. I tried to calm my mind, and drive these suspicions from me; but they would haunt me like spirits in spite of all my efforts to keep them down.

Suspicions of what or whom? That I could not answer.

Having seen but little of human life, and that little confined to country life, I began to think that my suspicions were unfounded, and that the more I should see of the different phases of human conduct, the less I would be surprised. I tried to persuade myself into the belief that all would yet end well.

Expecting that young Fairchild would visit me, I dressed myself up so as to look as well as I could. I had made up my mind to receive him as a suitor in the place of the heartless deceiver, the so-called Colonel Beaufort; and yet I was not willing to do anything to make the young man love me less. No woman is willing to be loved less; for that is a species of worship from the other sex it is not desirous to see lessened. I believed my lover was very rich, and loved me far more than he had any other girl.

I was anxious to see him, and counted the minutes till he came. At length he came, and I was rejoiced to see him. My female readers must not suppose from this that I really loved him; yet I felt an interest in him that came very near that passion.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Interview. Some Strange Scenes. The Reader will be Interested.

Hearing the door bell ring, I hurried to the private parlor to receive young Fairchild. I found him and Madame Tetford engaged in a spirited conversation. He received me very cordially; but I thought she looked as if she felt I had come too soon. We conversed some time on various subjects; and the young man was very pleasant and agreeable.

After some little time Madame Tetford remarked that she expected company that evening, and said that it would be as well for me and my lover to go to my own chamber.

The hot blood rushed to my cheeks, and I made no reply.

She knew that I was embarrassed, and with her great tact endeavored to convince me that there could be no harm in it.

I accordingly conducted my lover to my chamber. He offered no objections. My new dress was lying upon the bed, which he noticed.

"Oh, madame has purchased you the dress I ordered," he said, smiling.

I told him she had, and thanked him for the beautiful present.

"It is very handsome," he continued; "how are you pleased with it? I think it will become you."

"Oh, yes; but I am sorry you should go to such an expense for me. I feel as if I shall never be able to pay you for all your kindness to me."

"You must not talk so," he replied, taking my hand and gently squeezing it. Oh, what is a single dress? Why, dear Ellen, I shall esteem it a great happiness to buy you many such."

I could not find words to express my feelings.

He still retained my hand in his, and was quite nervous. He said he had another present for me, and took from his pocket a beautiful ring, which he placed upon my finger.

The ring sparkled in the light of the lamp, and excited strange feelings in my heart. I thanked him. And yet I felt that I was not doing right in thus receiving these presents.

"Now, Ellen, your hand begins to look like a lady's," he said, kissing it, and smiling.

"Perhaps your ornaments will outshine everything else," I said, gently withdrawing my hand.

"Oh, there is no fear of that, unless there is more ingenious artizans than I have ever seen," he said. "As soon as all your arrangements are complete I will take you to the theatre."

"Oh, I should be pleased to go; I do not know what a theatre is!"

"But I intend you shall know," he replied.

He now placed his arm around my waist, and drew my face to his; but, ere he had time to kiss me, I released myself from his grasp, and seated myself in another chair.

I thought he was taking too much liberty with me; and accordingly resisted him in such a determined manner

that he felt rebuked, and even apologised for his rudeness.

"Pardon me, dear Ellen," he said, appearing much disquieted, and gazing anxiously upon me as I sat in a chair at some distance from him. "I meant no harm, and only yielded from an honest impulse. You know how much I love you; and thus loving, it is not strange that I should wish to embrace you; but if you think I have done any wrong, I humbly ask your pardon."

"I do not think you meant to insult me," I said.

"I did not," he said, moving his chair near mine, and gazing fondly at me. "Dear Ellen, you are the last person in this world whom I would insult. If you knew how deeply and ardently I love you I know you would find excuses for my seeming rudeness. Is it strange that I should wish to seal my love with a kiss? I don't know much about country customs; but fashionable society would not restrain one from doing what I attempted to do a moment ago. No, my dear Ellen, you have a great many things yet to learn before you can know much about fashionable life and city notions. You have beauty, and I have money enough to accomplish that, and we will do it. We have a happy career before us; and will enjoy life in all its various phases."

I listened attentively while he was speaking, and felt strange emotions agitating my heart.

He again took my hand, which I permitted him to hold a few minutes, and then withdrew it. He did not seem to be pleased with the act, although he made no further complaint in words. I could see, however, that he was greatly disappointed; for he supposed that his remarks had produced the effect upon me which he desired.

He remained some time, and at last took his departure, promising to call on the morrow.

Madame Tetford assisted in making my dress. Before night my dress was completed, and I put it on. It fitted me exactly, and became me very much. By madame's advice I kept it on, as I expected young Fairchild in the evening. She said he would expect me to wear it. He had given it to me, and I was disposed to please him by wearing it.

Madame Tetford volunteered to give me some advice as to my conduct while I was with my lover.

"He will be here this evening," she said; "and you must be careful not to displease him; you must recollect that he ardently loves you, and, should he wish to kiss you, do not resist him; the customs here are quite different from those in the country; in fashionable life kissing is quite common, and city girls do not mind it."

I suggested that what was wrong in one place would be wrong in another.

"Oh, no," she said; "custom regulates all these things; you must expect your lover to exhibit evidences of affection—it would be strange if he did not; very modest and bashful young men in the country you came from might behave quite differently, but you must not expect such reserve here; I just tell you this for your good; depend upon it young Fairchild will do nothing but what is right and proper."

"Your advice and my late mother's do not agree very well," I said, recollecting the lessons she gave me before she died—lessons that sank deep into my heart, and even to this day are carefully treasured up in my mind.

"Quite likely," she said; "but your mother and I speak from different standpoints—she from a country view and I from a city view; that fact alone is quite sufficient to account for the difference in our opinions. You know that I would not knowingly advise you to do anything wrong than your respected mother would; but I feel a deep interest in you, and desire to see you the wife of young Fairchild. I am convinced he loves you, and

he is an excellent young man. He has mixed in the society of beautiful ladies; but you are the first one who has won his heart; I never saw a young man so very deeply in love as he is—his is the wonderful instance of love at first sight; I have often heard of that, but I never saw it so fully exemplified before. He has often ridiculed the idea of love at first sight, but he tells a different story now; he now confesses that I was right. The first time he gazed upon you he felt a shock of electricity, as it were, run through his system, and the more he gazed upon you stronger the feeling grew, until he was convinced that love had conquered his heart. What I had often said on that subject occurred to him then. Have you not heard that matches were made in heaven?"

"Yes, I have heard mother say so very often," I replied.

"There cannot be the least doubt of it," she said. "Love, in my opinion, is quite a serious thing. What is it? And where does it come from? It emanates from heaven, and it should be regarded as a very sacred thing."

"But suppose I cannot love him?" I said.

"Not love him!" she exclaimed; "depend upon it you will love him. That little rogue, Cupid, would never have touched his heart unless it had been designed to kindle a flame in yours too. No, Ellen, you will love him yet with all your soul's best affections."

And thus this vile woman conversed; for a time she fairly bewildered my poor senses.

CHAPTER XX.

The Old Libertine and His Wiles.

"What is that girl made of?" asked the old libertine, Turner—for we shall call him by his right name—as he came out of a room where he had been trying his wicked arts upon the poor unfortunate girl introduced to the reader in a previous chapter under the name of Clara. "Was she born of a woman, or is she an angel, and

dropped down from the clouds?" said this wicked man; "I have never encountered such a little witch before! I can make no impression upon her! Her heart appears to be cased in steel."

This was the second interview this old libertine had had with Clara; and thus far he had met with nothing but ill success. He could not conquer her. His temper was roused, and he began to be suspicious that Madame Tetford was playing a trick upon him; but these suspicions were unfounded; for this abandoned woman had exercised all her power to induce the poor girl to become the victim of this man's base passions.

"What is the trouble?" asked this vile woman.

"Trouble!" he repeated, manifesting much indignation; "I think you have instructed this girl to resist me; I cannot account for her resistance on any other ground; I never had such bad success before with the fair sex; if you have been imposing upon me I will make you sweat for it."

"There has been no deception practised upon you; for I have tried all my powers of persuasion to bring the girl to your desires," she said; "and I now intend to try some other method besides soft words and persuasive arguments; I will see if she will not yield obedience to my orders; I will give her a talking to."

"Perhaps I have done you injustice in thus suspecting you," he said.

"You have done me great injustice; for I procured this girl expressly for you, and have been at much trouble and expense," she replied; "I feared she would prove a stubborn creature; but she can be brought round yet. I never saw one yet I could not conquer."

"She threatened me that, if I persisted in attempting to kiss her, she would raise the neighborhood. She is a very determined girl."

"And wouldn't she permit you to take one kiss?"

"Not one; and her eyes sparkled and emitted flames of fire. She said she would never marry a man as old as I am if I was ever so rich. She threatens to leave you; so keep a good look out, or she will be among the missing!"

"Yes; I'll see to that," she said; "she shall not escape me, after spending so much upon her."

"No doubt of that; if she does, she will have but one more to escape," he said, smiling.

"I'm much flattered by your compliment," she replied.

"You are welcome; but do not be angry."

"I am not angry with you; but I am put out with that girl; she is in my power—I have bought her and paid for her."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly; I'm not going to lose money by the impudent thing."

"Oh, let you alone for that; I think I have paid you sufficient to cover all expenses," he replied; "and all I have received for it is sharp looks and impudent language."

"Well, I am not to blame for your ill success," she said; "I did not think that a poor unfortunate girl like her, picked up from the abode of wretchedness and poverty, would prove so refractory as Clara has. I have never known such an instance before, and yet I have had a score of girls from such places; but be not discouraged, I'll train her yet."

"I will call again; in the meantime, try your best."

The Colonel departed; and Madame Tetford immediately sought Clara, who was seated upon a sofa, showily and splendidly dressed, and adorned with jewelry; she was looking steadily at a lamp which was burning in the room. The poor girl looked sad and sorrowful, deeply reflecting upon her situation, and feeling anxious to see her parents. She feared that her sisters might suffer for

the want of food. True, her vile keeper had told her that she had furnished her parents with money; but that fact, even if she had believed all the woman said, did not relieve her apprehensions.

"Well, Clara, the Colonel did not stay very long this evening," said the woman, looking cross.

"He staid longer than I wished to have him," replied Clara.

"How is that?"

"Yes, it would have been better if he had gone an hour before he did, and better still, if he had never come at all," said Clara, firmly.

"Oh, you talk like a foolish girl," said the woman, sharply; "the Colonel is one of the best men in the city, and no girl would reject him."

"Then let him find such girls, for I'm not one of them," said Clara, turning her dark eyes on the woman as if she would search her through.

"You have grown very smart of late," said the woman; "you must curb your temper, or there may be trouble."

"I want to go home and see my parents," said Clara, while a tear stood trembling in her eyes, and her heart throbbed with strange emotions.

"But you cannot see them at present, I tell you," said this vile and unprincipled woman.

"I will not remain here if that person continues to come," said Clara; "I do not like the looks of that man; I don't believe he is a good man."

"Not a good man!" repeated the woman; "he is one of the best men in the city, and loves you dearly. Clara, if you would marry him, you would have a splendid home."

"No, I never can marry him," said the young girl; "I would rather die first!"

"Rather die first! How silly you talk and act!"

"I mean what I say," said the young girl, in a firm tone of voice.

Clara's spirit began to rise within

her, and she could not restrain it. Very strong suspicions of the honesty of this woman began to take possession of her soul; and she made up her mind to leave her house on the very first opportunity that presented itself.

"You cannot help it!" repeated this vile woman; "but you must help it; I will not submit to it!"

"Then give me back my old clothes, and I will go home. Let me go to-night; I know the way!"

"You won't go to-night, nor yet to-morrow," said the woman; "I purchased you of your father, and paid him the money; he gave you to me, and I have full control over you; but I wish to use you well, Clara; and if you behave yourself you shall be treated well and kindly; but if you are impudent, I shall treat you accordingly."

Clara sat and silently gazed upon the floor, but she was not conquered; her proud spirit was not yet crushed.

This vile woman also sat silent, and gazed upon her victim; but no feelings of compassion were stirred within her dark and corrupt soul. A long career of wickedness had hardened her heart and spread a blighting mildew over her soul.

At length she ordered Clara to her room, and then locked her in.

Clara was now a prisoner; but her heart was not broken nor her spirit at all crushed by this cruel treatment. She threw off her jewelry, and said within herself that she would never again wear such ornaments. Had it been possible to escape from her imprisonment, she would have done so that night; but the cunning mistress had used every precaution to prevent such an occurrence.

After undressing herself, Clara sat down and gave way to her feelings; she had strong suspicions that she was imprisoned in a bad house; still she did not know but she was mistaken; she hoped she was.

What a night she spent! It was almost a sleepless one. Towards morning she fell into an uneasy slumber, and slept until the mistress awoke her. But few words passed between them, quite enough, however, to convince this vile creature that the girl was not yet conquered.

The day previous to the events just recorded, one of Madame Tetford's "lady boarders" had a quarrel with the mistress; and the former threatened to leave the house unless a greater proportion of her "wages of sin" was given her; but the latter was firm, and the quarrel looked to be a permanent one. Fanny—for by that name she went—was envious of Clara's beauty, and was bent upon having an interview with her if it could be had without the mistress knowing it.

An opportunity soon presented itself. It happened in the course of the next day after Clara was locked in her room, that Fanny met her in one of the halls of the chamber.

"Are you good at keeping a secret?" asked Fanny, in an agitated voice, gazing round to see that there were no listeners.

"Yes," replied Clara; "explain yourself; I will not betray you!"

There was something in Clara's manner and in her open countenance that convinced this girl that she could be trusted.

"I will trust you," said Fanny. "Do you know the character of this house and of the woman who keeps it?"

"No; but I have suspicions that all is not right," replied Clara. "Speak, and tell me!"

"It is a brothel, and the mistress is a procuress!" answered Fanny.

"Is that so?" inquired Clara, gazing upon Fanny with an intensely-painful look.

"It is. But speak low, or we shall be overheard. That person who visits you

is an old libertine, and has not the least idea of marrying you. He has a wife and family. He has a son, who is a chip of the old block. I know both father and son well. As the cock crows the young one learns. The son is quite as bad as the father. I would not stay in this place if I were you!"

"Why do you stay in such a place?" asked Clara.

"I am used to it; this is the best excuse I can give," said Fanny.

"I will never become used to it!" exclaimed Clara.

"Tell me where you lived before you came here, and where your parents are, if you have any, and perhaps I may assist you," said Fanny.

Clara now told her all she asked; and the girl marked the street and number on a slip of paper and put it into her bosom.

"There," said Fanny; "don't be at all alarmed; keep up a stout heart, and slap the old libertine's face when he calls again. Madame Tetford is coming! I hear her footsteps on the stairs! Go into your room!"

Clara ran to her room, and Fanny walked through the hall, singing and dancing.

By the time the mistress came up, Fanny was singing and whirling quite merrily.

"You appear in good spirits to-day," said the mistress.

"Yes," said Fanny; "but I should be still more lively if you would give me more money."

"Oh, you needn't talk about that," said the mistress; "you fare like the rest of the girls."

"That don't help me," said the girl, saucily.

"Well, it the best I can do," repeated this vile woman; "but I thought I heard some person talking just now; where is Clara?"

"Not knowing I couldn't say," said

the lying Fanny. "I have not seen her. Perhaps you heard me repeating to myself a funny story a gentleman told me last night."

"You are well aware of my orders—I forbid any one of you girls from speaking to her."

"Certainly, we all understand that," replied Clara. "You need not trouble yourself about that. None of us have any desire to speak to the proud thing; she's altogether too proud to be our familiar acquaintance. Do her parents live in the city?"

"I know nothing about her parents," replied this lying woman. The girl was sent to me from the country. Don't you think her handsome?"

"Well enough for a country girl," returned Fanny.

"Well, that is good, coming from such a source. Didn't you come from the country?"

"That was when I was quite small; but I have been long enough in the city to get the rough edges off," replied the girl, laughing.

"Ah, you are a strange girl," said the mistress, passing through the hall into Clara's chamber.

She found the poor girl sitting at a window and gazing upon the crowds passing the streets.

"Come, Clara, it is time for you to dress and put on the jewelry," said the mistress.

"The things ain't mine, and I shall not wear them again," replied Clara.

"Not wear them again!" repeated the mistress. "But you shall wear the things!"

"I will not!" replied Clara, looking full into the woman's face.

"You shall suffer for such insolence!" exclaimed the agitated woman.

"You have made me suffer," returned Clara, feeling too indignant to shed a tear. "You can't make me a bad girl—I will die first!"

"Quite resolute, I confess!" said the mistress. "I don't want to make you a bad girl, but the wife of a rich, respectable husband."

Clara deigned no answer to this; but she gazed upon the vile creature with an expression of countenance that spoke more eloquently than words to the guilty soul of this corrupt woman. The look stung her to her very inmost soul. Such is the power of virtue over vice in all cases.

The woman said no more, but left the chamber. That piercing look of this spirited and virtuous girl haunted her for hours; but evil associations soon banished it from her mind.

* * * *

The next morning after father and son had been exercising their art and skill to ruin the poor girl Clara, a handsomely dressed woman was seen knocking at the door of the house which Clara's parents had occupied before kind friends had procured them a better place; but she found they had removed, but to what place, the occupants could not inform her. She turned away, regretting that she could not be revenged upon Madame Tetford. The reader need not be informed that the name of this girl was Fanny, and whom the reader is somewhat acquainted with.

As she left the house, Mrs. Smith saw her, and felt a wish to know who she was. Her first thought was that it was the lost Clara, but her face looked too old.

"Are you acquainted with the family who reside in that house?" she inquired, looking at the girl.

"I am not; I was merely inquiring for Mr. Lawrence's residence; I understood he lived there; but it seems he has removed."

"Were you acquainted with the family, then?"

"No; but I should like to know where they live," said Fanny.

"I can show you," said Mrs. Smith; "I am going to the house."

The two started off together.

"Do you reside in the city?" inquired Mrs. Smith, who began to be somewhat interested in her companion.

"Yes, madam, I have resided a few years in New York."

"Do your parents reside here?"

"No; they live in the country."

"I suppose you know Mr. Lawrence's family," said this good woman.

"I have no acquaintance with them," said Fanny.

Mrs. Smith wondered why this girl desired to see this poor family with whom she had no acquaintance. At length the thought struck her that she might know something of the lost Clara.

"No acquaintance with them!" repeated this kind woman; "have you never seen any of the girls belonging to the family?"

"One one!" replied Fanny.

"Only one!" repeated the good lady, seizing Fanny by the arm, and detaining her. "Only one! Speak! Where did you see her?"

"Why, in prison," replied Fanny, smiling at the woman's great anxiety.

"In prison! Where? Speak!"

"I call it a prison; but some might call it a house of assignation!" said Fanny.

"Is she there now?"

"Yes, she was yesterday; but you need not be alarmed, she can take care of herself."

"In what street is the house, and what the number?" asked Mrs. Smith.

The girl gave the street and number to her on a card which she had already prepared, that there might be no mistake and she lose her revenge.

"You have done a good deed. We have been hunting for weeks for her," remarked this kind woman.

"The girl is treated very cruelly by the woman who keeps the house," said Fanny. "She is a very mean woman, and I hate her;

so you must credit this good deed to my hate of that woman, and not to any better motive. I would not deceive you; for I have been an inmate of that house myself. The girl is very handsome; and I confess I have envied her beauty. I stole a few moments' conversation with her and ascertained where her family resided, on purpose to be revenged on this wicked woman. Put the woman through; that is all I ask. Give it to her, and spare not; for she has cheated me. There is no need now of my going to see the girl's mother, as you can tell her all about it."

"There is no need," replied Mrs. Smith, beginning to understand the true character of the girl who had given her such information. I am sorry you hate any human being."

"And wouldn't you hate a person who would cheat you out of your earnings?" asked the girl.

"But we ought not to hate any one!" said the woman.

"If you wouldn't hate such a creature you would not be a Christian," said this corrupt girl.

Mrs. Smith found the task a hard one to argue this question with the girl, and so she gave it up as a hopeless case.

"It is no use for us to talk," said the girl; "we don't think alike; but just put that woman through, and I shall be satisfied."

"Put that woman through!" repeated this good woman, hurrying along. "And what language to come from a girl whose face is so handsome. The men have accused us of being either devils or angels! It appears to me that girl might be arrested in her career of vice and crime. Oh, how mixed with good and evil is human society! How happy I should be if I could be instrumental in reforming that girl!"

This good woman spoke the truth; she was always happy in doing good. But she did not go to Mrs. Lawrence's house.

but to a lawyer, and laid the case before him for advice and direction.

Papers were made out, and Mrs. Smith, an officer and several of the police hurried to the establishment of Madame Tetford.

While they were on their way the mistress and the almost broken-hearted Clara were in a small room on the first floor—the same room in which this vile creature had lectured the girl many times before. On this occasion she was more severe than ever, proceeding to the extreme of bodily chastisement.

The woman raised her hand to strike again, but the loud ringing of the door bell arrested the blow, and she answered the summons.

The officer stood at the door waiting for it to be opened, while the others were in a carriage near by. The officer being dressed in citizen's clothes, she did not recognize him, and invited him in. He stepped in, and stood with his back against the door to prevent its being shut, if she attempted to do so.

"Please walk in, sir, and I will close the door," she said.

"Your name is Madame Tetford, is it not?" he asked.

"No, sir, that is not my name," she replied, growing frightened; for the officer began to take some papers from his pocket, and showing his true character; "the lady you speak of resides a block or two above."

The woman now began to look wild, wished he stood in a different position, so that she might push him out and bolt the door; but the officer knew too much for that. He had seen too many like her to be taken in that way.

"You must be mistaken in the house," she said, in a trembling voice; "no such person resides here."

"It may be so, madame; but I wish to search this house, and see if I cannot find a girl who is lost," said the officer.

At that moment Clara stood at the open door of the room where she was, and overheard the last words of the officer. She came rushing through the hall towards the officer, with tears in her eyes, and the marks of the blows she had received upon her face.

"I am the lost girl! Oh, save me!" exclaimed Clara.

The others in the carriage had stepped out and came to the door.

Mrs. Smith rushed into the house and embraced the girl, while Madame Tetford stood trembling in the hands of the officer who had seized and made her a prisoner.

"This is Clara Lawrence; I know her from the resemblance to her mother and sisters," said Mrs. Smith, pressing the poor girl to her bosom.

"Oh, yes, that is my name!" sobbed poor Clara.

"I thought I could not be mistaken in the number," said the officer; "Madame Tetford does not reside a few blocks above, after all."

"She does! she does!" exclaimed the vile woman, attempting to get away from the officer. You are altogether mistaken in my name. Release your hold!"

"I will when I have placed you in the Tombs," said the officer. "Perhaps you have heard of that stone palace, and often seen its outside. But now you shall have the privilege of viewing interior construction and arrangements. It may not be so handsomely furnished as this whited sepulchre, nevertheless you will find comfortable quarters."

"You have taken the wrong person," she said, much agitated; "that is not my name."

"I suppose Madame Tetford is not your true name, and I'll call you Sally Long," replied the officer.

"She has treated me cruelly," said Clara, clinging to Miss Smith's dress, as if she instinctively knew she had found a friend.

"No doubt she has; but you are now released from her power," replied Mrs. Smith.

"The girl lies!" exclaimed this vile woman.

"I speak the truth; and she wanted me to become as bad as she is herself; but I would die first!" said Clara.

"Heaven be praised for enabling you to make such a resolution," said Mrs. Smith.

"Come, Madame Tetford, Sally Long, or whatever may be your name, prepare yourself for other quarters," said the officer.

"You will repent of arresting an innocent woman!" said Madame. "That girl came here voluntarily, and begged me to keep her."

"It is false!" replied Clara. "You've kept me here against my will, locked me up during the night, and would not suffer me to go out in the day."

The old hag turned her flashing eyes upon the girl, and wished she had murdered her ere she had been found in her keeping.

The woman was taken to the Tombs and locked up, and Clara was taken to her mother's.

We will not attempt to describe the joy of mother and sisters—it may be imagined, but cannot be described.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Jealous Woman, and the Results. A Warning to Husbands.

Another bright morning broke over New York. Masses of living humanity were hurrying to and fro in Broadway, and all nature seemed to be alive.

We will introduce the reader now to a gentleman and lady who are taking a morning promenade on Broadway, Mr. and Mrs. Smith—a gay man and a jealous wife.

Splendid carriages and fine horses were out. Coachmen and footmen attired in livery; and their masters and mistresses leaned back in their turn-

outs with great dignity and hauteur, as if the whole world was made expressly for their use.

Such silly exhibitions never fail to make a sensible man laugh; for well he knows the origin of all those who thus figure in the upper circles of New York life. Some of them are the sons of shoemakers and tailors; but trade and speculation have given them riches; hence the purse-proud aristocracy of our country.

Turn-out after turn-out stopped in front of Stuart's marble palace; and the beautiful and fashionable ladies alighted to purchase some costly article of dress.

The ladies must have dress, if the heavens fall, dear soul! But the men are as much to blame for this state of things as the women.

"What elegant lady is that just stepped down from the carriage?" inquired Mrs. Smith; "she is dressed splendidly and has a fine carriage and horses; her coachman, too, is handsomely fitted out."

"I do not know," he replied. "This city is fast filling up with the aristocracy so that it is hard to keep the run of them."

"Did not the lady recognize you with a smile?" she asked. "She looked at you as she passed from the carriage, did she not?"

"I think not—I was not aware of it—she must have been looking at the gentleman who stood near me!" he stammered out.

"Perhaps so; but I thought she directed her glances directly at you and smiled," said the jealous wife. Let us go and find out who she is; besides, I wish to look at some of the goods."

He could not refuse to yield to his wife's request, and yet he was sorry she made the request, for the lady in question was a particular acquaintance of his, and the keeper of an assignation house.

The husband and wife now entered the store, and saw madame pricing an elegant shawl.

Mrs. Smith went into the same room, taking her husband with her, much against his inclination; for he feared she might again recognize him with a smile.

Mrs. Smith kept her eye on the woman as she and her husband approached the place where she was standing, determined to see for herself if any sign of recognition was manifested.

Now this lady had become jealous of her husband, although she had never let him know the extent of her feelings. Recently she had become more jealous, and shown him more of its spirit. He was aware that the "green-eyed monster" had taken possession of her heart, and he was somewhat prepared for it. Up to this time there had been no serious rupture between them, although she had taken him to task occasionally for being out so late of nights.

When they had approached near madame, she slyly turned her eyes upon him, and a half smile passed over her countenance. The wife saw that look and smile, and it excited her terribly. She trembled, and a sickness came over her soul. She kept her eyes fastened on the woman to see if she would smile again; but the shrewd creature understood herself and busied herself with the goods; but this did not satisfy the jealous wife. How very true it is that jealousy makes the meat it feeds on.

The wife now became satisfied that the woman did not look again at her husband lest she might be suspected. Had she looked and smiled a second time the wife would not have considered that stronger evidence of her husband's guilt than she did the woman's abstaining from that look and smile.

The jealous wife was now roused; and her husband knew the fact, and felt anything but comfortable just about that time.

This woman purchased a costly shawl with the money Smith had paid her but a few nights since. And having made the purchase, she came past them and went into another apartment of the store. As the vile woman passed near the wife and touched her husband with the flowing skirts of her silk dress, she could not refrain from slyly turning her eyes on him. Not a motion of her escaped the notice of the jealous wife. She saw those dark eyes again turned upon her husband, and she trembled.

"Let us go," she said, in a low and tremulous voice.

"Did you not wish to look at some of the goods," he replied.

"No," she said, leading the way to the street, followed by her husband, who began to fear a storm.

"You may call a carriage," she said, as they stood upon the sidewalk.

"I thought you preferred walking this morning," he replied.

"But I want a carriage now," she replied.

"Yes, my dear, you shall have one," he said, calling a hack.

The carriage was soon driven up, and he offered to wait upon his wife in.

"Wait," she said. Then turning to the driver, she continued, pointing to the woman's carriage: "You see that carriage, do you not?"

"Certainly, madame," replied the man, smiling, for he knew well enough whose it was.

"Follow that carriage when the woman comes out and the horses start," she said. "Follow it wherever it goes."

"Yes, madam," he said, bowing and smiling.

The driver knew that there was something up. He thought from the expressions of the woman's countenance, and her peculiar, excited manner, that she was jealous of her husband. And the husband's looks and actions confirmed the driver's suspicions.

The poor husband was in trouble, and remained silent.

"We will get into the carriage now, if you like," she said, putting her foot upon the step, while her husband assisted her. "Mind, driver," she continued, while her foot was on the carriage step and her husband was lifting her up by the arm; "follow that carriage until the horses stop and the woman gets out."

"Your orders shall be strictly obeyed, madam," said the driver.

Mrs. Smith stepped into the carriage, and her husband followed. There they sat some time waiting for the woman to come out and enter her carriage. Not a word passed between them for some moments. The husband began to grow uneasy; for the silence was oppressive—it seemed to him it was more so than anything she might say. At length he broke the silence.

"My dear, what does all this mean?" he asked.

"I am determined to know where that woman lives who smiles on you so very graciously; 'I dare say you know well enough, already.'"

"This is something very singular," he said, much agitated.

"Very singular, indeed!" she replied, looking at him fixedly; "remarkably singular! You must be greatly surprised! Oh, no, you never saw that woman before! Do not know even where she resides! Oh, what a paragon of virtue! Strange!"

"For heaven's sake, do stop!" he exclaimed.

"Why should I stop!" she repeated. "Would to heaven you had stopped ere you formed an acquaintance with that vile creature!"

"What do you suppose I know about the woman? I know nothing about her, good or bad!"

"Women like her are not apt to smile on strange gentlemen in a public place, especially when their wives are along with

them," she replied; "but I do not wish to hear any more; do not deny again that you have no acquaintance with her."

At that moment the person they sought came out and entered her carriage, amid the gaze of quite a crowd of all sorts of people, some of whom smiled, and others looked sour.

The woman's carriage started off, and the other followed.

Not a word was uttered by husband or wife.

The woman's carriage was driven up to the door of her establishment, and she got out. The other carriage stopped also, and the woman stood on the front steps and gazed upon it. The husband sat back so as not to be seen; but his wife looked out of the carriage window. The procuress recognized her, turned round and entered the house.

"Now you can drive on," said Mrs. Smith, giving the driver the street and the number where she wished to be left.

Poor Mr. Smith remained silent, and allowed his wife to manage in her own way. When the carriage stopped at their house she paid the driver, and, as she did so, she asked him if he knew that woman.

"She calls herself Madame Tetford," replied the driver, laughing; "you would not wish to make her acquaintance!"

"Just as I expected!" she exclaimed.

The driver drove off laughing, and saying to himself, "I think there'll be some trouble in that house before morning. She is jealous of her husband. Her husband has ruined more than one poor girl!"

Mrs. Smith entered the house, followed by her husband. They had not long been in the house before the bell rang and a woman with a child entered. She came directly into the room where Smith and his wife sat in moody silence.

When this woman and child entered, his heart sunk within him, and he thought all his troubles were coming upon him at once.

"What do you wish for?" asked Mrs. Smith, addressing the young woman.

"I called to see if you wouldn't like to have a child!" said the young woman, first turning to the wife and then to the husband.

"I cannot have the trouble of children," said the wife.

"Perhaps you would like to have one," said the mother, addressing Smith.

"Not unless my wife is willing," he replied, nerving himself for the occasion.

"Oh, do, sir; it's a very pretty baby," remarked the mother; "it looks very much like you—don't you think it does?" And she carried the child to him and sat it down in his lap.

Mrs. Smith at first thought the woman was crazy. He gently motioned her off, but she succeeded in placing the child in his lap.

While he held the child his cheeks became pale and his heart beat as if it would burst its narrow bounds.

Mrs. Smith saw his agitation, and could not make out the cause. The thought had not occurred to her that it was his child; but when she saw his agitation, a suspicion was at once excited, and it gave her much trouble.

"What means all this?" she asked.

"The child is now held by its own father!" said the woman. "He seduced me under a promise of marriage!"

Mrs. Smith sank upon the sofa, completely overcome.

"The woman is out of her mind!" said Smith, running after her with the child in his arms.

"Here, take the child," he said, holding out the infant; take the child, and here's money."

She took the child and money, and was soon out of his sight.

Smith returned to the house, and found his wife in great agony of mind. He endeavored to convince her that the woman was crazy; but he had a difficult task of it, more difficult than he imagined.

CHAPTER XXII.

Further Excitement. City Scenes and City Life.

Three days passed and I appeared in my new dress—yes, dressed for the theatre!

Now commenced my life of dissipation, when I should mingle in all the little vices which go to make up a life in a city like New York!

Madame Tetford complimented me on my looks. And my dress did most admirably become me.

My beauty and charms began now to bewilder my brain. That keen moral sense which once passed a righteous judgment upon all my actions begun to be blunted, and my conscience to lose some of its stings.

The carriage was driven up, and young Fairchild received me kindly.

Very soon we were seated in the theatre. The house was full, and the curtain rose; everything was new and exciting to me; I was in ecstasies.

The drama commenced, and I listened with breathless attention.

All the feelings of my heart were now wrought up to the highest state of excitement. Ere I was aware of it my eyes were filled with tears, and my heart beat as if it disdained to be confined within such narrow bounds.

The performances so riveted my attention that I scarcely noticed anything but the actors.

A gentleman sat behind us who seemed to know my lover; and I overheard him whisper: "a very fine girl—who is she, Fairchild?"

"A cousin of mine!"

"Oh, nonsense!" returned the man; "you can't fool me!"

Just then I perceived several opera glasses pointed at me.

I inquired of my companion why it was done.

"To see your charming face more distinctly!" he replied, pressing my hand warmly.

I remarked to him that I did not fancy that.

"Well," said he, "you must hide your beautiful curls and veil your face if you do not wish to be seen!"

This flattered my vanity.

The curtain now rose, and the drama went on.

My soul was absorbed in the deep interest I felt for the characters in the piece. My tears flowed. Another act passed, and I had a breathing spell.

"What a thrilling drama!" I said, as the curtain went down.

"It is indeed!" he said.

Just then I happened to look up, and saw one of the girls who had boarded at the same house with me. I had taken a deep interest in this girl; and the many interviews we had had together had left strange impressions upon my mind.

This girl was bending over and gazing upon me.

"Oh, dear!" I said to my lover; "I see a girl above who boarded at the same house with me!"

He made no reply.

"Tell me why the girls sit up there!" I asked.

"It is a particular choice they have, I suppose," he replied.

Before I had time to ask another question, the curtain rose, and my attention was drawn to the performances.

Notwithstanding the thrilling nature of the performances, I could not refrain from occasionally looking up at that girl in the gallery, whose eyes seemed to be fixed, with a burning gaze, upon me. What with the play, and this girl looking upon me, I was much agitated.

"I should like to speak to that girl," I said.

"What can you have to say to her?" he asked.

"I have become much interested in her; she gave me a sketch of her life, and it was a most eventful one."

"The old story, I suppose," he said, very coolly.

"What is that?" I asked, looking into his face.

"Oh, promises broken; but you must not believe all such girls say; besides, I advise you not to cultivate the acquaintance of such persons."

"That girl seemed to be in great distress," I replied.

"Yes; but such girls are always in distress, or pretend to be," he said.

But with all his indifference he could not change my feelings towards that girl; there seemed to be a congeniality of souls, to speak, between us; for she had manifested a deep interest in my welfare. Heaven only knows but her admonitions might have saved me from one fate to meet another and a more terrible one! "Just as soon as the drama is through, I will go," he said.

I consented of course; but I was very anxious to have a talk with that girl.

Deeply were my feelings excited by the drama; yet I could not help looking up where that girl was, so much was I interested in her.

My companion noticed that she ended my attention, and whispered to me to look up where the girl sat, saying that was not respectable.

I knew not what he meant; but refrained from looking in that direction so often; as I had before.

There was a mystery about this which I could not solve, and which I dared not ask him to explain.

The play is over now and we will go, please," he said.

He arose and followed him out.

Soon we entered a carriage, and were driven away.

My lover was fond and attentive to me on our way home.

You could hardly keep your eyes from that girl," he said, putting his arm round my waist and pressing his lips to mine.

"She does very much interest me!" I said.

"I wish I knew more of her eventful life!"

"You did not know that all the girls in that place in the theatre were bad!" he said.

"No, I did not; and if that girl is bad, I believe she is a broken-hearted girl, and driven to such a life by the baseness of some wicked man."

"Perhaps so; but then some girls run to such a life as ducks take to the water," he replied.

"How can you speak of such things so lightly," I said; "I pity that girl from the bottom of my heart! She was innocent once; and I think now she has some good qualities; and no doubt she might yet be restored to a virtuous life if the right means were used! Did I possess the power and the means how happy it would make me to use them for her good!"

"I think it is too late now," he replied; "I trust you will not give yourself any trouble about such persons!"

I looked at him with surprise. "And why not?" I asked.

"Because your sympathy will be all thrown away; the city is, and always will be, full of such creatures; they are everywhere—in city and country! I've never visited any city where they were not! And is it not strange that I should have travelled so much and have never seen a girl I loved before I saw you?" he said, imprinting a warm kiss upon my lips.

"It does, indeed, seem strange, and perhaps you will tire of me," I said, feeling sad forebodings.

"Never, Ellen, let me hear you repeat such doubts again!" he said, apparently grieved to the heart. "You make me feel very bad, and wound my feelings."

"I do not wish to do that," I said, regretting that I had doubted him.

"I do not think you have any wish to do so, and I forgive you freely," he said, again imprinting a warm kiss upon my lips.

Oh, how happy I felt just at this moment! My lover, too, felt happy, judging from his affectionate manner.

By this time we had reached my boarding house, when we alighted, and walked in.

Soon as we entered the house, Madame Tetford approached us, being up and ready to hear my account of my evening's entertainment.

"You have come home in very good season," she said; "I did not expect you this hour. I suppose you feel more happy together than you do in such a crowd."

"I do," said the young man, smiling; "I cannot be so happy elsewhere as I am here."

"Well, it is love in a cottage now, but soon it will be love in a fine place," she replied; "it is said that variety is the spice of life, but I don't see much of it."

"But you are about as happy as any one after all," he said.

"You know better than that," she said; "I might have been as happy as you are, if a man who once pretended to love me had not proved treacherous; if I ever meet him I will have vengeance on him and rid the world of a villain!"

Upon this she drew forth from her bosom a dagger!

I was terribly alarmed at this unlooked demonstration, and instinctively seized my lover's arm for protection.

"Be not alarmed, Ellen," she continued; "this dagger will never injure any one but him; when he injured me and abandoned me, I placed this weapon in my bosom, where I have worn it ever since, and swore to be revenged, if he ever crossed my path!"

The woman now grew more calm, and, speaking in a lower tone, continued: "But that was many years ago! Did I possess the means I would have followed him to the ends of the earth and got my revenge. It is said that hell has no fury like a woman's hate; and that bad man would have found it so if I could have found him; but no matter!"

She replaced the dagger in her bosom,

and appeared much better for expressing herself.

I was glad to see her cool down; she had made me feel nervous by her furious gestures and wild speaking. I needed repose; for the play I had witnessed and the mysterious actions of the girl at the theatre had affected my nerves.

The woman now left the room.

"She is a strange woman!" I said.

"Yes; but she possesses a good heart," he said, leaning his head upon my shoulder.

Soon he took his leave, and I retired to my bed; but not to sleep. Though I would press myself upon me, and could not shake them off. At length I fell asleep, and dreamed of my youth and happy days, when I strolled, an innocent girl, upon the banks of the Androscoog, listening to my good mother's kind admonitions.

But I must on with my life-history. Several days had passed, but nothing momentous had happened; at least, nothing worth relating.

Wishing to see and hear further of the girl I had seen in the theatre, I wrote to her, telling her where she could find me, and desiring her to call; but she did not make her appearance.

This struck me as being very strange, and I began to think that she had not received my letter.

The woman knew when I wrote, and offered to put my letter into the post office, as she was going by it. As I did not know where the office was, I gave her the letter; and whether she had put it into the post office or not, became quite a question in my own mind.

I was somewhat suspicious that the letter never reached the girl; and concluded that the woman had never sent it.

So one morning I spoke to her about the missing letter. This was some time after I had given her the letter to put in the post office.

"You are sure you put the letter into the post office, are you?" I asked.

"Certainly I am," she replied, looking sharply at me.

I plainly saw guilt in her countenance; yet I feared I might be doing her injustice.

"I suppose you did; but it is strange I have received no answer to it."

"Then you expected an answer, did you?" she asked.

"I did; and it is strange I have not received one."

"It will come before long, no doubt; did the letter contain anything very important?"

"No; but I wished to hear from her. It is very strange that I have not heard."

And this was all the satisfaction I got from her about the letter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

More Developments. The Power of Love. Time Passes, &c.

I know not what occurred in Turner's household after I left; that there was trouble is not to be questioned. There is no doubt the wife of this wicked man had seen much trouble of this kind before I visited the house, for she bore the marks of it upon her countenance.

Such husbands kill their wives by degrees, by inches; but the probability is Turner never was so completely cornered as on that occasion. His evil deeds were exposed to his injured family in such a clear light that there was no room left for doubt.

Shrewd as he was and self possessed, he could not find any excuse for his outrageous conduct towards me; and during my presence he did not attempt it. For the time being he seemed to be bewildered, and knew not what to say or what to do. His conscience, if he had any, must have smote him severely. Such an exposure before his wife and daughters was a terrible blow to his pride, if any was left.

When I returned to my boarding house after the interview with Turner, Madame Tetford manifested great curiosity to learn the result; but instead of inquiring of me she learned all the facts from Augustus Fairchild, with whom she was on very intimate terms, the basis of which I knew not at that time; for I was ignorant of her real character.

Augustus remained until quite late in the evening; but I will give him the credit for not offering me a single insult. He was young, not over twenty-two years of age, and was much less reckless than an old libertine-like James Turner. Besides, he was really smitten with my personal beauty, which produced upon him an effect somewhat more elevated and refined than mere passion, such as controlled the conduct of him who enticed me away to this city. I had him completely in my power; but I did not then know it. True, Madame Tetford often told me so; but yet I did not fully comprehend my real power.

Augustus Fairchild was unremitting in his exertions to please me. He lavished money upon me, and furnished me a splendid wardrobe. I had many rich and costly dresses, and my appearance in that great thoroughfare, Broadway, of which New Yorkers are so proud, never failed to attract an unusual share of attraction, not only from the men, but also from the women.

Such attentions flattered my vanity, and I began to feel as if I were creating quite a sensation in the city.

All this display was made at the expense of Augustus Fairchild. I knew nothing about the value of money, and spent it freely. He seemed to give it as freely as I expended it. Never having known what it was to earn money, he, too, was ignorant of its value. So between us both, we made it fly right and left; but he had an abundance of it, and never knew what it was to want, and never expected to.

The very name of marriage had no

pleasant sounds for my ears. And no wonder there was no music in the word since it had proved so disastrous to me.

Some few weeks after I had created such a sensation at Turner's house, I met him in Broadway; I was accompanied by my devoted lover, Augustus Fairchild. As I passed him I carried my head very high, and said, "Villain!"

He started at the word, but did not recognize me until I spoke, when he looked me in the face, his eyes dropped, and we passed on.

Turner's wife had left him, and his eldest daughter. I rejoiced at that; she ought to have left him years before, as many wives ought to leave their husbands, and probably would if they knew their true characters.

I did not remain at Madame Tetford's but a few weeks. My devoted Augustus provided another and much more splendid house, where I had every luxury money could purchase. Alas! that I should have so forgotten my mother and the lessons she so earnestly taught me! I did in a great degree forget them amidst the splendors and luxuries of my new life; and yet occasionally they would rush into my mind with much force, but did not long remain; for my mind was too much occupied with other things to give them a lodgment.

Augustus revealed to me the true character of Madame Tetford, but not until some time after I had left her house. Mercenary motives altogether controlled her movements. It was money that turned her from Turner and induced her to take sides with Fairchild; for he gave her a large sum to get me away from the heartless Turner. She was at the bottom of the enterprise, if such it can be called, and laid all the plans. And yet Turner knew it not. She was an artful, shrewd woman, and managed most adroitly.

It is well for girls from the country to be on their guard against such a class of women as this pretended widow repre-

sents. They are more numerous in the city than many dream of, and multiply as the city increases in wealth and population.

In less than six months after I exposed Turner at his own house, his poor wife's troubles were ended, and life's fitful fever was over—she had become a tenant of that "narrow house appointed for all the living."

After her death he became more desperate, drank freely, gambled, and lost his property. Finally he became a street drunkard, and died of delirium tremens. No tears were shed over his grave. His daughter had left the city, and did not attend his funeral.

All this happened in less than two years from my first acquaintance with him on the banks of the Androscoggin. Even my revenge, which had rankled in my bosom for a long time, could not have brought upon him a worse death than his indulgence of a bad habit inflicted upon him. A most terrible death did he die; and my revenge was satisfied. He had ruined my character, soured me against the world, made me hate the sound of marriage, and driven me into a life of shame—and why should I not feel the spirit of revenge? Why not be pleased with his wretched, untimely end? Such is human nature. Oh, how severe have been my reflections upon the past! How often have I wept tears of the bitterest grief! But let them pass now.

I have stated that I had almost forgotten my good mother, and driven her warnings and admonitions from my memory; but the desire to see and know my father did not forsake me—it seemed to increase in intensity as years rolled away. Every week I thought of home. Even the splendors of the life which I was living did not abate my desires to see him; but I had no reason to expect such a consummation; for I only knew his name. The watch upon which it was engraved I kept most sacredly, and nothing

could have induced me to part with it. I had purchased a costly chain, which I attached to it, and wear them constantly about my person. I prized the relic more than I did the diamonds that hung in my ears or glittered on my bosom, and of those I felt proud.

My personal beauty attracted great attention from all, especially from both young and old. I was conscious of my power, and my vanity was much puffed up.

Young Fairchild did not possess a strong intellect, and its cultivation had been much neglected. He was vain as well as myself; but I had complete control over him. No man was ever more proud of a woman than he was of me. It seemed to be the height of his ambition to show me to the fashionable world; and I became so vain that I was willing thus to be shown, and thereby excite the envy of my sex. I was more proud of my wardrobe and my beauty than of anything else. Our life was peaceable, because he cheerfully let me have my own way. If devotion to a woman, a liberal and even extravagant expenditure of money to adorn her person and furnish her with every luxury, and a ministering to her every want be enough to induce her to love a man, I had sufficient cause to love Augustus Fairchild; but I did not love him. The truth is, my first pretended lover made such havoc of the affections of my heart, that I could love no one. The name of love as well as that of marriage had no charms for me.

My heart had become a garden, whose rank and useless weeds grew luxuriantly and choked out all flowers. It was a place and a desert, in which nothing green and beautiful would take root.

To wear costly dresses, to be at the height of fashion, to drink wine, to feed on the richest viands, to attend places of amusement, to promenade Broadway and be the observed of all observers was all I desired.

Such were my aspirations—such my ambition—such my life! It was one continued round of pleasure, in which the higher nature had no part or lot. The intellect was not improved. Reading I cared nothing about. Even novels would not interest me, much less good books. All I read was books of fashion, and all the fine arts that had any interest for me were plates of bonnets and dresses. Such books and pictures constituted my library, and I desired no more intellectual works.

The large fortune Augustus Fairchild's father worked hard for and left him, was wasting away like dew in the morning sun. Our daily expenses were great, but no account of them was kept. We never dreamed of seeing the end of his fortune. Such a thing never troubled our heads. Although his dividends were large, yet they fell far short of our expenses. Occasionally good dividend paying stocks would be sold to meet our ever increasing wants.

Thus we continued for months, and soon three years of such life slipped away, and my beauty began to wane, but slowly, however, for my constitution was naturally good and my health excellent. That my personal charms attracted the attention of many men, the reader will have no doubt. Even married gentlemen who move in the upper circles sought after me. It was a pleasure to me to tantalise such, and yet the memory of Turner and his family would occasionally come up and cause me to feel some misgivings. But the most fatal rock on which I made shipwreck was the belief that all men were wicked, and that almost every woman had her price. Such a belief is fraught with great injustice to the race, and one which the abandoned always embrace, and thereby lay the flattering unction to their own souls that they are no worse than others. Hence every man and woman readily find excuses for their follies and their crimes. This is a most fatal mistake—a great error—a monstrous

blunder. Let me warn both old and young to avoid such an error. Let them carefully look into their own hearts, and not spend all their time in searching for faults in others. Had I followed such advice as this I should have found more corruption in my own heart than in others. It is true I had been most shamefully used by both sexes, the best affections scattered or corrupted, and my young heart wounded to the core; and yet there was virtue in both sexes and justice in the world. But I would not open my eyes to see it. Clearly do I see now and look upon the world as it is.

Augustus Fairchild was more faithful to me than I was to him. His heart was never so corrupt as Colonel Beaufort's. Had he been placed in other circumstances and been compelled to work and earn his living by honest industry, he might have been respectable and useful in the world; but being placed in possession of a large fortune at an age the most critical in a young man's life, he had nothing to do but spend money in a round of senseless pleasures.

His appetite for strong drink increased upon him, and occasionally I warned him of the dangers of indulging too freely. I believe that is the only advice of a moral nature I ever gave him; and that was not prompted by any very good motives on my part. For a long time I could control and keep him within reasonable bounds; but the task grew more and more severe as months passed on.

The power of alcohol proved stronger than his love for me. Its effects upon his constitution grew more apparent every month. His nervous system became so much damaged that, in the morning before he took his liquor, he trembled in every limb, and exhibited all those marks which distinguish the drunkard from the sober man.

It was now some six years since I became acquainted with him, and a terrible change had passed over him.

I began to fear that he might suddenly drop into the grave. We had spent and wasted much the larger portion of his fortune. The jewelry I had possession of amounted to a large sum; for among it were some very valuable diamonds which he had purchased for me at different times; but the larger portion of them were purchased during the first two years of our acquaintance.

Having money enough at my command all the time, I did not appreciate its real value or think of the future. I could not be accused of possessing a miserly disposition, for I had no love of money. The only value I set upon it was the power to procure me rich dresses and costly jewelry. To hoard it up and keep it as the miser does never occurred to me, or to lay it by for a rainy day formed no part of my economical plans. In fact I had no such plans. It did not occur to me that I should ever be in want of it, and therefore had not plans for the future. At least such was my indifference until a friend suggested to me the propriety of inducing my lover to make his will and give the remaining portion of his property to me.

The suggestion struck me forcibly, especially as he was fast going down to a drunkard's grave. The subject I pondered upon for several days; and the more I thought of it the more anxious I felt to have the spending of what might remain after his death.

All at once I seemed to have grown quite miserly, or at any rate my friend made me understand that money was an excellent thing to have on hand in case of emergency.

How much of his fortune was left I knew not; for I had never given the subject any consideration; and I was entirely ignorant of the amount we expended every month, for no accounts were kept, and everything went along swimmingly. Thus had we lived.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Warning to Young Men.

Augustus Fairchild's love for the wine cup was, as I said in the preceding chapter, increasing, and the thirst for strong drink had grown upon him. With this vice another one was attached—viz: that of gambling.

Several gamblers had marked him as their victim.

One notorious blackleg named Greene had already won from him several hundred dollars.

I had more than once cautioned him about these fellows; but it seemed to have little effect upon him.

Greene had studied well the character of young Fairchild, and noticed all the assailable points in him.

This gambler had become much reduced before he came to the city; but since his arrival in New York he had accumulated some two or three thousand dollars, and was on his way to add very materially to it.

Young Fairchild had not lost much on the evening we now introduce him to the reader; for Greene had cautioned him not to play for high stakes, for there were many professional blacklegs in the room who would most assuredly cheat him out of his money if he put it up.

Greene had an accomplice named Wilson, and was in a great degree governed by his advice.

These two men did not happen to sit at the same table on this occasion, for Wilson did not wish to win much from him directly. He had an accomplice who had arrived in the early part of the evening; the name of this accomplice was Gaylor; this fellow understood his business fully, and was an adept in his profession.

He and Greene were apparently strangers to each other; and so cunningly and adroitly did they manage that no one suspected them of being associated together, not even a single gambler, who is always upon the lookout for such an association,

suspected them, and surely young Fairchild could not, green as he was.

While Wilson and Greene were drinking together, Gaylor arrived and entered the same saloon and drank a glass of whiskey alone, without even exchanging a nod with his accomplice.

The young man had not been introduced to him, yet he had seen him several times and noted the peculiarity of his dress; for he wore an unfashionable dress; the truth is, Gaylor did seem like a greenhorn, and made some strange remarks.

"Who is that fellow with the long-tailed coat, who just took a glass of brandy?" asked Fairchild.

"That's what I was thinking of," replied Greene; "he was here last night, and he looks to me like a real live Yankee, don't he?"

"So he does to me," said Fairchild; "I wonder if he has money and knows how to play?"

"He may have some money, but I very much doubt his skill to play much of a game," said Greene. "Suppose you ask him to play. I will sit at the same table, and perhaps we can shave him out of a few dollars."

"Yes, I will," said Fairchild, going into the gambling saloon, followed by Greene.

Gaylor was standing near a table and looking at several gamblers who were hard at the game and much excited; for there were piles of money before them on the table.

Young Fairchild approached and touched him on the shoulder.

Gaylor then turned round and grinned saying:

"What would you be up to?"

"What would you say to having a game?" inquired the young man, while Greene stood near him.

"Well, I don't know, they have such tarnal great heaps o' money on the table," said Gaylor, looking at the money piled up before the gamblers, and thrusting his hands into his pantaloons pockets almost

up to his elbows; "I'll play a little while, but I haven't got oceans of dollars as these ere fellows have."

"Never mind; we'll play according to the length of our purses," said Fairchild.

"Length of purses, eh?" said Gaylor, hauling out a long purse with a few dollars in silver and one gold piece in it; here's a long one, but there ain't much in it; but then I've got a few bills on down east banks that I guess are good."

"Oh, the bills are good enough," said Fairchild, laughing at the greenhorn, as he supposed Gaylor was. "Come, there's an unoccupied table."

"I don't care if I take a few games; but don't cheat me," said Gaylor.

The three sat down and commenced playing, each on his own hook, as Fairchild supposed.

The young man won a few of the first games, and felt very much encouraged at his success.

Gaylor appeared to grieve and lament his bad luck. He was afraid he should not have money enough left to get out of the city; but still he kept playing and increasing the stakes.

After Fairchild won a few games he was in high glee, and urged Gaylor to drink freely. He did appear to drink several glasses, but he contrived to spill it.

Fairchild became quite high, and began to feel very courageous. They went back to the gaming table, and the luck turned on Gaylor's side, and he won nearly a thousand dollars.

Wilson appeared quite cool, and told Gaylor he should be happy to meet him the next evening, when he trusted fortune would change.

Fairchild also challenged him to play another evening. Gaylor consented; because, he said, he had the shinplasters.

So things went on; and poor Fairchild was rapidly taking the downward track. With all his love for me he would indulge in intoxicating drinks, and would asso-

ciate with gamblers—a class which fearfully abound in this great metropolis. But I must hurry on; for exciting events are yet to be laid before the reader.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Sad Death. A Change of Feeling. A New Character Introduced.

"How swiftly, dear Augustus, have six years passed away since we became acquainted!" I said one afternoon while we were riding about the city and calling at some of the shops.

"Six years!" he repeated; "has it been so long?"

"Yes; and they have been six happy years," I added; "we have lived high and enjoyed life in good style."

"But I don't feel so well as I did a year ago," he said, in a trembling voice and with quivering lip.

"I know you don't, dear Augustus, and I feel exceedingly sorry for it," I replied, taking his hand and gazing into his blood shot eyes and on his bloated face.

There was a pause in our conversation for a short time, and I felt more pity for him than I ever had before. I did not usually have time for the exercise of such feelings; for life had been one constant whirl with me, and I did not stop to have compassion on any one.

"It seems to me I grow worse every day," he said, after a pause, during which he seemed to be deeply meditating. "Do you think, Ellen, there is danger of my dying soon?"

"Oh, I hope not," I replied; "I trust you will live a good while yet. True, life is uncertain; and if you should die who would have your property?"

That question I asked in a mild and careless a manner as possible; for I did not wish him to know my anxiety in relation to his money affairs.

He turned his eyes upon me and looked strangely, as if his heart was pressed with peculiar emotions. I began to feel sorry that I asked him the question. At last he spoke with much feeling.

"Ellen, my money and stocks are very nearly gone; I have some real estate, which is worth twenty thousand dollars, perhaps, and I mortgaged a part of that a few weeks ago. Strange how fast money will go away!"

"Well, dear Augustus, we have had the good of it," I said, smiling.

"So we have," he continued, while a faint smile appeared about his purple lips, and he pressed my hands. He loved me still in some degree; but the fires of alcohol had nearly burnt out of his heart all affection, of which there were left some ashes and cinders.

"You asked me where my property would go if I die," he continued; "I have never thought of that before; but, Ellen, you ought to have it, for you have taken good care of me for a long time."

"I have tried to do so," I replied; "but I could not possess your property without you made a will."

"That is true," he said; "I will have one made very soon."

"You can act your own pleasure about that," I said. "I suppose it would do me as much good as it would any one. But, dear Augustus, if you do make a will I hope you will live many years after making it."

The above is a part of the conversation we had upon the subject of the will, which was made that very day, or before twelve o'clock that night. Before signing it I gave him some brandy, that his hand might not tremble so as to prevent him from writing his name in his usual style. In less than three months from that time Augustus Fairchild's spirit fled to another world, and the cold earth covered his body.

I had several offers of marriage after my lover's decease; but I treated them all with sovereign contempt, assuring those who made them that marriage had no charms for me, and that such bonds could never bind me.

Some gentlemen were very eloquent

in pressing their suits, and others made exceedingly fair promises of kindness and strong declarations of love; but I told them I had once gone through the interesting ceremony with a man who had found an ignominious grave, and that I should not subject myself again to such an ordeal.

Thus I lived for several months after the death of poor Fairchild, and carried a high head.

Some six months after Fairchild's decease I was walking in Broadway one pleasant afternoon in the month of May. The western sidewalk was thronged with the fashionable and gay of both sexes, but no one in that tide of humanity made a more splendid appearance than the writer of these pages. Possessing a very symmetrical form I was an easy and graceful walker. My form and motions were very similar to my mother's—at least she told me so, and, no doubt, truly. She often said that my face would probably resemble hers when I had seen more years; and my large mirror confirms my mother's opinion every time I looked into it; for well did I remember the features and expression of her face. She was an exceedingly handsome woman, and good as she was beautiful.

As I was passing up Broadway I met a well dressed, handsome gentleman, who appeared to be about fifty years old. He gave me such a look, so earnest, so intent as made my heart beat; but why I could not tell. It seemed to me at the moment that I never saw such an expression on any man's face before; it really affected my nerves; and my nerves were not easily shaken at that period of my life. I had seen too much of city life to be much frightened at any demonstration that scores of them could make.

This gentleman passed me a few paces, stopped, turned round, and again gazed upon me. As if by some magic or mesmeric influence I also turned, and our eyes met again. Thus we stood some

few paces apart, gazing at each other as if we were spellbound for the moment. I cannot tell why I so intently gazed upon him, for I had never seen him before or any one who resembled him.

Passing up the steps, trembling and agitated, I placed my hand upon the knob for the purpose of ringing the door bell, when he came across the street in a hurried manner.

I said to myself at that moment: "He, too, is smitten!"

No event in my city career thus far affected me so strangely and mysteriously as this.

My hand was still on the knob, but I did not ring the bell. In fact, I was not even conscious that my hand was thus placed.

There I stood gazing upon him as he came up, feeling quite sure he meant to approach me. In that I was not mistaken; he came up and said:—

"Excuse me, madam, for thus accosting you in the street. I have an impression that I have either seen you before or some one whom you, in form and motion, very much resemble."

"You need make no apology, sir," I replied, in a voice somewhat tremulous.

"Your voice, too, seems familiar," he said, gazing intently upon me.

"I have no recollection, sir, of ever having seen you before," I replied. "Will you walk in?"

"I will, if it is not too bold in me," he answered.

He came in, and took a seat in my parlor. I took off my bonnet and shawl in another room and soon returned to the parlor.

He seemed to be a gentleman whose character greatly differed from those I had associated with. There was a gravity in the expression of his handsome face, and a kind of serious tone in his manners, that made me feel as if I was in the presence of a man whose moral power was greater than I had been accustomed to

come into contact with. I was dressed in the most fashionable style; but his gravity toned me down; and I appeared far more modest and unassuming than usual.

"I feel, madam, that I have intruded myself upon you," he said; "but your form and motions were such as not only to excite my curiosity, but also to remind me of the past."

"No intrusion, sir, I can assure you," I returned. "I am very happy to see you, stranger though you are to me. I feel quite sure you have no intention of doing me harm."

"I trust and believe you do me no more than justice in your remark," he replied, closely examining my person and watching my movements. "Are your parents living?"

"My mother is dead, sir."

"Then your father is living?" he inquired.

"Heaven only knows!" I said, with feeling.

There was a pause in the conversation; for we were both occupied by strange thoughts, and hardly knew what to say. His eyes were fastened upon me, and I felt their moral power; for in them there was nothing lascivious—the whole expression of his countenance was serious, and in every line of his face there was a moral force that spoke louder than words.

"You may be surprised at my answer to your question," I continued, after a few moments' silence; "but, sir, to be frank, and willing to explain myself, I may say I am the daughter of no one; for such the laws of our country consider and treat me."

He made no reply; but seemed to be wrapped in thought. At length he said: "I think I understand you; and, let me the law is wrong, in my judgment; for birth is a circumstance over which we have no control, and to which no blame can attach."

"That is true, sir," I said; "and yet the world has a different opinion."

"May I ask if you were born in this city, madam?"

"I was born far east of this city!" I replied.

"In what town or city?" he anxiously inquired.

"Portland!" I answered, looking him full in the face.

At the announcement of that word he was silent and thoughtful.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Interesting Denouement. Happiness. The End.

While this strange gentleman paused and cast down his eyes, as if he were in deep meditation, I gazed upon him with such emotions as I never felt before. I wondered within myself if these emotions that agitated my heart were the premonitory symptoms of love; but I had no power to solve the problem.

He appeared to be a much more serious and thoughtful man than any I had been acquainted with; and if I was about to love him, a great change must come over the spirit of my dreams, and my views of life become very different from those which had generally governed me.

At last, turning his deep blue eyes upon me and looking at me as if he would read my inmost thoughts, he repeated: "Portland!"

"Have you ever been in Portland?" I anxiously inquired.

"Not for many years," he replied; "have you ever visited that place?"

"I was born there," I answered, watching the workings of his face, and wondering who he could be, and why he sought my company in such a strange, mysterious manner.

He made no reply, but sat with his eyes fastened upon me in a fixed gaze. There was a magnetic power in his eyes which struck me forcibly; and was it love I felt, or the beginning of that tender passion? I could scarcely believe it was; and yet I did not know.

I was really bewildered for a short time, and felt uneasy under his gaze.

"Do you keep this house alone?" he asked.

"I do now," I replied, emphasising the last word.

"Then you have been married, I conclude, and your husband is either dead or gone away," he said, still watching me.

There was a moral power in the tones of his voice and in the expression of his countenance, that brought the red blood to my cheeks, which he at once noticed, and thought, no doubt, it was a hopeful sign.

I did not immediately answer him, for the reason that I hardly knew what to say.

"I do not intend to be impertinent or disrespectful," he continued; "but I wish to ask you another question, if you have no objection."

"Not the least in the world," I said, feeling some more courage, and looking up into his honest, manly face; "and I will answer it frankly if I know what reply to make, for I believe you have no wish to injure me."

"Far be it from me to even wound your feelings, and much less to injure you. I am aware that, in great cities like this, there is much iniquity of all kinds."

"You may well say that," I said.

"My question is this," he continued: "You say you now keep this house alone; which means that you once had a partner, either male or female; and now do you keep a respectable house?"

"I frankly answer not as the world counts respectability," I replied.

"I had that impression," he remarked. "Beauty is sometimes a very dangerous possession—have you not found it so?"

"Indeed I have, sir," I replied, feeling no offence at his remarks, and really admiring his frankness; "but, sir, permit me to add that beauty would not

thus be dangerous if it were not for the bad passions of men and their corrupt hearts."

"A very proper and just addition to my remark," he said. "I suppose you have suffered from such passions and such hearts."

"I have, sir," I answered, in a voice that told him how deeply I felt in view of my past life. "And I suffered, too, in spite of a mother's warnings. I received lessons enough from her, if I had heeded them, to guard me against the advances of the worst and vilest men. But, sir, I did not; and here I am as you behold me!"

"There is hope!" he said. "I notice with great pleasure, from the tones of your voice and the tenor of your remarks, that the best affections of your heart are not all turned into cinders and ashes—there is yet some sparks of goodness left which may be blown into a holy fire upon the altar of your heart. I do not believe all hearts are totally depraved that may seem to be so to the puritanical eye. I have a charity that hopeth much. You must excuse me for thus moralising. The interest I felt when I first saw you in the street must be my apology."

"That interest seems somewhat mysterious to me," I added. "What interest did you feel beyond what my beauty inspired. No man has ever felt an interest for me beyond that; and if you do I heartily thank you for it."

"Will you rise and walk in your own natural way across the room two or three times?" he asked.

I immediately did as he requested; and he watched my motions narrowly.

"You say you were born in Portland," he continued, apparently much interested, and intently staring at me. "And where did you pass your girlhood?"

"On the banks of the Androscoggin until I was sixteen years old," I said.

"Your mother's name?" he quickly demanded.

"The same I bear—Ellen Holmes," I replied.

"Oh, God! I thank Thee for this interview!" he exclaimed.

"Why such an exclamation?" I inquired.

"I think I was not mistaken, he continued, seeming not to heed my question, but being absorbed in his own peculiar thoughts. "That form, that face, those motions, and that name! It must be so!"

"What must be so?" I quickly and anxiously inquired, feeling strange emotions, and wondering what he could mean.

He fastened his eyes upon me, but made no reply.

I sat uneasy, and my curiosity was excited to the highest pitch. His silence was really oppressive, and I could not bear it longer.

"Do speak!" I said, hardly knowing what I said.

"Did you ever see a gold watch your mother owned?" he asked.

The truth flashed upon me, and immediately I pulled the watch from my bosom and handed it to him.

He seized it and examined it closely with an expression of countenance I will not undertake to describe.

"See that name!" he exclaimed, at once opening the watch and pointing to the name engraved upon the case.

"I have seen it a thousand times," I said. "Yes, I have looked at it this very day. Mother told me but a short time before she died it was my father's name, and most sacredly have I kept the watch containing it."

He now rose and took me by the hand, saying:

"Ellen Holmes, that name is mine!"

"Father!" I exclaimed, throwing my arms around his neck and kissing his manly brow.

"My own daughter!" he said, pressing me to his beating heart, and thanking God that he had found his child.

"My own daughter!" Oh, what music in those words! A long cherished desire was now gratified, and I was in the arms of him who was not ashamed to own me as his daughter! That was the happiest moment of my life, and the commencement of a new era in it. Oh, how I hung upon his words as he related to me the story of his life, which had thus far been an eventful one. He was a sea captain, and had visited all parts of the civilized world. The contract of marriage he had never made, and was still a bachelor, and the best looking one I ever saw. At least such was my impression. He was not only an intelligent and honorable man, but what was better still, he was a religious man, and lived in strict accordance with his profession. He had not been in the city six hours before he saw me promenading in Broadway, having just arrived from Europe, and expecting to sail again in a few weeks.

The emotions which this singular and unexpected interview excited in our hearts I shall not attempt to describe. He was as much gratified with our meeting as I was. There was but one drawback upon his pleasure, and that was the life I had lived.

He remained with me during his stay in the city, and exerted that moral influence over me which I so much required.

A new world seemed to open to my view; and such sermons as he preached to me I had never heard before. Their power I could not resist; for they came from him whom I had long desired to see. He entirely changed my course of life, and showed me beauties in the moral world which had never been exhibited to me before.

The time came when he was to make a voyage to Europe and cross the ocean again. I wished to accompany him, but dared not mention that desire; for I was very careful not to ask him for

anything which I was not sure he was willing to grant. It was hard to bear the thought that he was about to leave me, and perhaps forever. I was much troubled; he noticed my uneasiness, and asked me the cause. I frankly told him. Judge of my surprise when he informed me that he did not intend to leave me alone, but to take me with him to foreign countries. He was captain of a noble ship, and we sailed in the month of June. I was then twenty-two years old.

I was absent from the city of New York six years, and during that time I visited most of the large cities of the old world, and acquired a fund of knowledge I could never have gained from books.

We returned to New York, and my father said he had made his last voyage, and should pass the remainder of his life in this city.

He did so pass it; but he did not live many years. The time seemed short to me, although we lived together on sea and land nearly twelve years. He died as the true Christian dies, leaving me much wealth, and, what was still more valuable than gold, a moral influence which never forsook me.

Again I was left alone in the world, at the age of thirty-four years; but I was then prepared for either life or death. The world of fashion I had entirely forsaken, and had no desire to move in its circles. Other thoughts occupied my mind, and other acts employed my time.

Being left with an ample fortune, I had the means and the power of doing a world of good in this great city. And I trust I shall be pardoned when I say I had not only the power but also the will to assist those of my own sex who had fallen, and to guard and warn those who were exposed to temptations. In this work I have been engaged ever since my father's death. I have not

boasted of my work of benevolence, nor desired that it should be proclaimed through the public press or from the house top to the world. I have been content to work where my labor was most needed, and where I believed the most good could be accomplished without regard to the praise of an admiring world.

I have restored many who had fallen, and prevented more from falling. Since I first came to this city under the protection of one calling himself Colonel Beaufort, there has been a great increase of population, a great increase of crime, and temptations have been greatly multiplied. Places of amusement have more than quadrupled, and their character by no means improved. Once Broadway was comparatively free from low grogeries, and saloons where well dressed beautiful females unblushingly become waiters, and, with meretricious smiles upon their painted faces, serve strong drinks to thousands of men who ought to be at home with their wives and families. And here, too, many a young man receives his first lesson and takes his first step in crime. Let these young men beware of the meretricious smiles and looks of such servant girls, and avoid all such places of amusement which are scattered through the city in frightful numbers. But I must draw these memoirs to a close. I have thus given the outlines of my life and some of its principal incidents in the hope that they may open the eyes of my own sex to the dangers that encompass those who reside in cities.

Perhaps I was no more wicked by nature than thousands who have been kept from falling by their parents and friends. True, I was in early life, even while in my girlhood, exceedingly ambitious, and it may be quite vain. The first step in crime costs more than the second, and is harder to be taken. I

hope my readers will keep a sharp lookout for city anglers who are constantly baiting their hooks with the most temptations in order to catch the beautiful, the innocent and unsuspecting. And truth compels me to say that my own sex are often engaged in the same unholy work, and are quite if not more dangerous than the male anglers; for they better know the weak points, which are first to be attacked.

If these pages are instrumental in saving one of my own sex from falling, I shall be rewarded for writing them. And surely good mothers may derive some lessons from them which may be of service to them in the care and education of their daughters.

Libertines may attempt to scorn them; for they expose the arts by which they minister to their own base passions, and bring ruin and disgrace upon the other sex.

Kind reader, you have the benefit of my sad experience thus far in life; and I trust and believe you will be made thereby more cautious, prudent and sharp-sighted in your intercourse with the world. Let those who have the responsibility of bringing up and educating sons and daughters read these pages, and survey the shoals and quicksands upon which so many have been wrecked.

I hope to live many years yet, and to work for the good of humanity. For some years this city has been the field of my labors, and I trust it will continue to be many years to come.

Once I was the pride of Broadway, and excited the admiration of those whom I now have no desire to please. Now I have higher aspirations, and more elevated desires to improve the condition of humanity instead of attracting the gaze of admiring and heartless crowds.

THE END.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CHARACTERS DISPOSED OF.—THE CLIFTON FAMILY.—THE APPROACHING END.—THE TWO MADMEN.—THE SUDDEN APARTITION IN THE SHAPE OF OLD SOLOMON FLINT.—NAT SHARPCUT TEARS OLD FLINT LIMB FROM LIMB.—THE MADMEN'S LAST FEARFUL STRUGGLE.—CONCLUSION.

THE long way has been traveled over, the weary toil is well nigh past; for the shadows are lifting, and the veil is rent, through which the interminable end appears.

We have seen the fate of nearly all of our characters, viz:—Annie and Ellen Flint Warren Flint, Buckskin, Dr. Newton, Alice Wade, Madame Boydon, *alias* Mrs. Flint, and now only a few more remain of whom we will write. Stella Clifton, Nat Sharpcut, Jkld Wade, and Old Solomon Flint.

In a lowly, bent figure, with a pale face, languishing blue eyes, and yellow curls we recognize Stella Clifton, seated in the midst of a solemn family, who, however bow calmly to the decrees of fate.

It is a cold, bleak November day. For many hours the dun clouds have been wearily driven along, by the infantile exertions of the coming tornado. The trees have shed their green glories to the wintry air, and a sombre gloom overspreads every glad thing. At times the low winds moan fearfully upon the earth, and then anon they expire mournfully through the leafless limbs. Even the very animals stand mute without once chewing their cud; but with a sort of philosophical look seem to be wondering what all this preludes.

We are on the highest peak of those stupendous ridges, the Highlands of the Hudson; amid the gray rocks, the towering heights, the yawning chasms, and the lightning rifted oaks. The nameless repose of a death-like silence has settled down upon the almost inaccessible fastnesses.

But ha! What is this?

fellow with a more lenient light, for his victim is not tortured for long, long years before death brings relief, and then he suffers only one death. If I could, I would raise a monument whose pinnacle should overtop the lofty alps, as it pierced the sleeping storm clouds of the sky, above the lowly and uncared-for resting place of the trusting one, who gave all that she held dear on earth, and in return, received shame, poverty, and death. Such a monument would tell of the highest, the noblest, the most God-like feeling in the human breast—honest confidence which was perverted by the base Libertine under an assumed guise to his unholy purposes.

Aye, more! I would tell of sighs, of tears, of love, of struggles, of resolves, of broken hearts, all of which preceded the mighty world-wide sacrifice.

The morning dews that trickled the tall, white shaft, would wash away the outcasts guilt, and brand it on the deceiver's brow.

Sun beams would linger on the spot, and cast a hale of glorious effulgence around the moulded capitol.

The rough edged stars would send their struggling sprays of light, and the old, round moon would bathe the obelisk with heavenly mantle of its own soft radiance.

There never was a seducer in this wide world, who did not in time suffer in some manner terribly for the heinous sin; and there never will be one yet, who will not receive his full award.

Brand him on the brow—crush him to the earth—lash him sore; but raise his victim up—let the life-drops oozing from her broken heart be stayed—stretch over her an arm of power, and let the dark stain curse her not.

But I pause. I conclude my interruption.

Nat Sharpcut gazed with a crazy eye upon the corse, and then with a loud cry, he bounded from the bed, and fled from the house.

On the very summit of the high rock bound peak are two men. They utter no exclamation, but glare at each other with wildly rolling eyes, and as they glare, they advance nearer together.

You can discover that they are mad; for their looks, and gestures are not of earth. It is Nat Sharpcut, and Skid Wade. In another moment they will meet, and then a fearful struggle must ensue.

But hold! A crackling sound breaks on their ears. They turn and behold an old man. Oh! how old, with long white hair, and tattered clothes, who comes toiling up the craggy steep.

They pause. Now he nears them. He stands before them, leaning upon his rude staff, while his body and head quivers tremulously with the pendulous motions of a great old age.

"Do you know who I am?" says he, turning to Nat Sharpcut. "I am Solomon Flint. I have come to offer myself up as the last sacrifice in your fearful revenge. But hold! I will give you my history since the murder of my son. I fled. I sought this very peak, and here I have lived for years, in a deep cave within the earth, whose shelter was shunned by the wild animals, as being too cold, too damp, too dark; but was a still wilder animal, and that was a God-forsaken, heart-broken, fallen man, who chose it as his abode. And as that man I have lived. My food has been the wild grass, the crawling reptiles, and the dark plumed crow. My drink the stagnant pool—my bed the sharp rocks, and my companions a gnawing conscience, and an everlasting remorse. Peace. I have lost the meaning of the word joy. I might ask if you have it; but ye will answer, No. Happiness. Oh! that I never had. But again hark ye! See you not the storm that is gathering in yon mountain chasms?—soon it will burst. I always stand here on this spot when the tempest is at its height. I talk to the lightnings. I listen to the thunders, and call them my friends. When the night settles down, then I see the pale faces of those whom I have wronged, and again I murder my boy. Oh! they are

wild storms, but they are calm when contrasted with the life storms. One wreaks its violence upon the body—the other upon the soul. But have you seen anything of my poor, lost wife? My children are gone—but my wife?"

"Dead!" yells Nat Sharpcut.

"Dead!" echoes the old man, and his head falls lower down upon his breast.

"Yes! she's dead and you must follow!" roars the infuriated lunatic, "I am mad now! Ha! ha! The devil brought me here! The fiend's name was Wade. There he stands, see his big eyes. But I am mad! mad! Ha! ha!"

Now he springs upon the old man, he stifles his faint cries, he twists his head around, and around, he raises the body up in the air, and dashes it again, and again upon the jagged rocks, until there is nothing left, but a disshapen, mangled mass, with stray white hairs dabbled in blood, torn limbs, fragments of flesh, and thick coagulations of gore,

Even the stones, and ground around, is bespattered with the crimson tide.

He continues to wreak his rage upon the body, and he tears it apart piece-meal, by piece-meal.

Now he raises his crimson hands upward, and turns toward his mad foe, who, with folded arms is calmly awaiting his approach, after the termination of the scene just enacted.

Nat Sharpcut exclaims, "I have blood upon my hands—red, rich, old blood; and I am mad; a thousand times madder than you are, if you are the devil. You have always triumphed over me before this, but now, I will triumph over you, for I am strong—strong. Ha! ha! ha! mad! Ha! ha!"

As the words break the silence around, they come together with a spasmodic crash. Their limbs were immediately tied together in a gordian knot; their hot breaths commingle; their livid eyes shoot forth strange glares; deep, guttural sounds come from their throats, and their forms quiver in every joint, with the "mightiness" of the rencontre.

They near the edge of the yawning

precipice, which is so high, that the tall pines below, seem like pigmy dots, so high that the great river below looks like a little brook; so high that the dark birds, venture not up, and the air grows thin, and cold.

But they heed it not, and now as they tremble on the very verge of the chasm, the tornado of the storm breaks around them; and a quick, panting voice, breaks forth.

"Emma Lee! you are here! you are hovering in the mid air! By Heavens he is too strong for me! Emma—"

"Ha! ha!" answered another laugh, and they disappear.

Then far down below is mingled the wild cries of the combatants. Now comes a soft, gushing sound, as if some substance has lodged in the branches of projecting trees. All is still, for even the storm is hushed for a time.

But now again the whirlwinds of the mighty tempest sweep shriekingly over the blood stained ridge, while the red, electrical flash buries itself deep into the bowels of the earth below; if equalling, not excelling the mad, stormy passions of fallen man.

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"The murderers of my wife, seek my blood, they would rob me of my child!" said Arpiaka.

"They had better put their hand in the nest of the hooded Cobra than seek my white brother among the Seminoles!" cried Ohikika. "We will go half way to meet them!" The child Ona is stolen by one of the fishermen who turns traitor, and taken to Havana to Senor Ribera, who is authorized to pay ten thousand dollars for it. Ribera employs an assassin to kill the fisherman after he departs from Ribera's house, and take half the gold for his trouble and return the balance to

Ribera. "He waited for the return of the assassin. He had not long to wait. In a very few minutes that individual came in and emptied the gold upon the table which Pedro, the fisherman, had carried away, as well as other valuable found upon the murdered scamp, who had died of a met death just when he has consummated villainy and received his reward." There are hundreds of very beautiful scenes and historical incidents in this book that only such a writer as Buntline could so elegantly portray. Price \$0 25

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"You're safe, little woman—you're safe. The wretches have gone, and you are with a man ready to die for you! No more need of asking for mercy, gal; no more clasping of them white hands in despair, no more turnin' of that pale face to heaven!"

"The girl was assured—she felt, she knew, that she was indeed safe, and seizing the sun-browned hand, kissed it and dropped tears upon it."

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"Thou art of those who believe that the glories of the Holy City will be yet revived?"

"It is a part of our creed. Were it not for that hope the doom of the Hebrew were dark, indeed! Persecuted by all men—reviled and hated—they know little of joy on earth!"

"All men do not hate thy race! Some pity more than they hate."

"Pity!"

The jet-black eyes of the Jewess flashed like fire as she echoed this word.

"Pity!" she cried. "Give us hate and scorn, but not so base a thing as pity! Pity the hound which howls when you scourge him—pity the slave which kisses the hand that smites him; but pity us not, for we yet are proud amid all suffering and all persecution."

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"If all the trees in yonder run was men, and all the branches and leaves on 'em was bayonets, and all the grass growin' round 'em was dead-shot rifles, and if all the sun-beams let down from heaven was rebel halters, I swear to ye that I wouldnt swear allegiance to your one-horse confederacy! You vince, do ye? Perhaps you ain't in the natur' 'o things, dead to condemnation and remorse. Think of what you've lost! You've lost the Revolution; you've lost your history; you've lost the Cowpens; and the memory of the Swamp Fox, and the Santee!"

There are very many such beautiful and home-thrust in this work, which the author presents to the readers. Price\$0 25

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A Romance of the Road. By Dr. J. H. Robinson. This book introduces the reader to many scenes in the life of an English Highwayman in the times when the country was not gridironed over with railroads and traveling after Steam-horses prevalent. As the weary wayfarer travels homeward he is halted on the road by "your money or your life!" But that is in the past. The interest of this story consists in describing so beautifully very many incidents of daring as exercised by the bold and bad men of former times. This story is illustrated by nine beautiful engravings from designs by Darley and its price is\$0 25

Blanche; or the Lost Diamond.

A Tale of the Lights and Shades of London. By Septimus R. Urban. Beautifully illustrated with elegant designs by Darley. The opening scene is in the Weaver's Home.

"Husband—Giles—dear Giles. Oh, say a word to me—to the little ones. God sees us yet, dear Giles, and will send us help. I am not hungry—oh, no, no! and I don't think Mary and Luke are very hungry, dear Giles. They will soon sleep. I will go out and see if—I can borrow—"

"Hush, Emma, hush—no! no! It is not borrow. It is beg—beg. You mean beg."

Here apparently is a weaver and his poor family in a state of starvation. This is one of the shade pictures. Now for the light one.

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This Giles Hilton becomes possessed of a very valuable diamond which he has given to Mr. Meas the dealer in precious stones, to sell for him, and takes an advance of ten thousand pounds upon it. While the diamond is in the possession of the jeweler it is stolen and a false stone put in its place, which is only discovered when Giles calls for more money. He is arrested for changing the stone and trying to defraud the jeweler. He is finally acquitted of the charge by the confession of the actual thief and he is restored to favor. This book abounds in interesting scenes and is recommended with much pleasure to the reader. Price...\$0 25

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"Either the English King must withdraw his troops and concede to the reasonable demands of the colonies, or else—"

"What?" asked the stranger, as Vincent Gray hesitated.

"Else the colonies will make their own bargain, even at the point of the bayonet!" This was said in a low, firm tone, which told what the speaker meant; and that it was the sentiment of others besides himself.

Captain Vincent Gray with a small sloop-rigged fisherman's boat captures an English brigantine, and with that vessel becomes the "Patriot Cruiser." There is much interesting adventure in the cruising of that brigantine under Gray that will pay the reader for its perusal. Price....\$0 25

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